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EDITORIAL NOTE

With this issue, *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* closes an interregnum. It has been virtually impossible for the present Editor, in the midst of many publishing activities, to devote the thought and time required for the proper direction of a quarterly review of the standard and character demanded. But he is happy to announce that editorial assistance is forthcoming, and that regular quarterly publication will be resumed in 1950.

Technical reasons prevented the publication during 1949 of the three enlarged issues which had been adopted as an annual ration during the latter stages of paper restrictions. This issue, accordingly, completes the volume for this year, and annual subscribers will automatically, without necessity of renewal, receive the first number for 1950, which will appear in February.

Book reviews have usually been one of the strongest features of the *REVIEW*, and they will continue to be in future issues. In the present one, rather than lower the standard or give a truncated and unrepresentative section, it was decided to go without. The indulgence of readers is asked for a period of exceptional difficulty, and they may be assured that their interests will be very carefully watched in the future.

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All communications, articles and books for review should be addressed to *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, 28 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

Articles can only be received on the understanding that publication alone is a guarantee of acceptance and payment.

Articles should not be submitted without preliminary correspondence.

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WILLIAM CRASHAW'S INFLUENCE ON HIS SON

By E. I. WATKIN

THE will of Crashaw's father, William, a minister, as Anglican clergymen were then often called, of Yorkshire birth who held a Yorkshire living—Agburton—and at the time of his death was rector of St. Mary Matfellow, Whitechapel, contains his final profession of anti-Catholic faith. 'I account (Popery) as now it is, the heap and chaos of all heresies and the channel whereinto the foulest impieties and heresies that have been in the Christian world have run and closely emptied themselves.' 'I believe the Pope's seat and power to be the power of the great Antichrist and the doctrine of the Pope, as now it is, to be the doctrine of Antichrist, yea, that doctrine of devils prophecied of by the Apostle, and that the true and absolute Papist so living and dying debars himself of salvation for aught that we know.'

The latest notice we have of his son, the poet, is the record of his death at Loretto as a Canon of the Holy House 'strengthened by Holy Unction' and the burial of his body 'in the priests' sepulchre'. A long path was traversed between the religion of his father, with which he began, to this end as a cleric (possibly a priest) of the Church so hated by his father. It is not surprising that students of Crashaw have seen his entire course as a reaction against his father's religion—not only his final Catholicism but his Anglicanism of the Laudian School, and have regarded his father as representing the opposite doctrinal pole to Catholicism, that is to say, as a Puritan such as those who—Presbyterian or Independent—later overthrew the Anglican Church in favour of their more radical forms of Protestantism. This view, I am convinced, is a misconception. The poet departed from his father only as he began to turn away from Anglicanism, and his earlier Anglican religion, far from being a reaction against his father's Puritanism, was substantially in agreement with his belief, that is to say his father's religion was in fact not just a starting point from which his

son immediately began to depart but the determining influence of his earlier faith and worship, and the father bequeathed to the son not merely the negative anti-Catholicism he would soon repudiate, as he did between the Latin verses on the Gunpowder Plot composed at school and the poem he prefixed to Shelford's *Discourses* in 1635, but a positive Anglican Christianity which, when he became a Catholic, he would not deny but complete. Indeed the sensitive boy could not fail to have been influenced profoundly by a father who—except for the year and a half of his second marriage—was, probably from his infancy, in sole charge of him, an only child moreover. And there is every reason to believe that the elder Crashaw was a most conscientious and devoted father deeply concerned for his son's welfare.

Certainly there is no question that William Crashaw was obsessed by 'No Popery'. In almost all the many writings he has left us this bee buzzes fiercely in his bonnet. It was a passion with him far more powerful than it was with such Puritans as Sterry or the Cambridge Platonist John Smith, of whom the latter avoids the topic entirely, even when discoursing on superstition, and the former, so far as his writings are concerned, treats it only once, and then to argue that, if not so false as Catholicism, Presbyterianism is uglier and more inhuman. William Crashaw, on the other hand, cannot keep this King Charles's head out of his Memorial.

In a sermon preached before the Honourable Lord de la Warr, Lord Governor of Virginia (important in several respects—we must return to it later), he wishes 'that the name of Pope and Popery might be buried as they long ago deserved'. He exhorts the Virginia Company: 'Suffer no Papists to nestle there, nay, let the name of the Pope nor Popery be never heard of', to which the retort is obvious that had he gone out to the colony as chaplain it would have been heard in well nigh every sermon. On another occasion he speaks in the Maria Monk vein of the unwanted infants murdered by monks and nuns, and he swallows (for his personal honesty is transparent) a cock and bull story told him by a certain Strickland of Bridlington of a dispensation he had been granted in Mary's reign to stay away from Mass.¹ He also tells us that a dispensation had been granted to keep two wives and by Martin V for a brother to marry his sister.² The Catholic Church, he declares, 'professes to be a loving mother but

¹ *A Mittimus to the Jubilee at Rome or the Rates of the Pope's Custom House.*

² *Ibid.*

proves a cruel stepdame'. She promises the pure manna of God's word but feeds her children 'with legends, lies, tales and traditions'. In 1617 he published *The Parable of Poison in five Sermons of Spiritual Poison*, the first of which was preached before the Prince of Wales, the future Charles I. 'Popery,' he declares, 'profaneness and the lusts of the flesh are all of them spiritual poisons and may not be touched, not as it were with the tip of the finger without danger to the heart and the whole body.' But the Catholic clergy, certainly the Jesuits, are adepts in the use of other poisons of a less spiritual nature, delayed action poisons whose victim cannot guess his poisoner. 'The Italians have poisons, especially, since the Jesuits were hatched, that will kill after a day, a week, a month, a year, and so far from killing presently that generally at first they are pleasant but at last they are deadly.' Referring to the murder of Amnon he observes, 'Oh foolish Absalom, say the Jesuits, what a stir and tumult he made by such a silly kind of invention, for could not he, having him at a banquet, have given him a dram in his drink to have wrought a week after that the feast might have had no interruption, the state no trouble and Amnon never have known, no, nor once suspected who had hurt him?' 'A thousand Jews,' he continues, 'tried in vain to kill St. Paul. Our Italianated Papists would laugh at the folly and pity the simplicity of these men, that so many should trouble themselves in such a fashion, whereas he might have been by one poor fig despatched without noise or tumult.' The Jesuits are 'the devil's darlings, his youngest beloved sons.' 'The sin among Protestants is the fault of our men not of our religion. But in Popery I blame not so much the men as the religion . . . their practices, their doctrine . . . their people practise sin and their doctrine maintains them in it. The Romish Church and religion is a poisonous church and religion.'

All this No Popery however does not prove William Crashaw a Puritan in the sense of an embryo Dissenter, whether Presbyterian or Independent. His hatred of Rome was shared by most devoted Anglicans. His son, it is true, had discarded as early as 1635, years before his conversion, the doctrine that the Pope is Antichrist, as the verses prove which he prefixed to *Five Pious and Learned Discourses* by Robert Shelford, priest, published in that year.

Nor shall our zealous ones still have a fling
At that most horrible and horned thing

Forsooth the Pope: by which black name they call
 The Turk, the Devil, Furies, Hell and all
 And something more. Oh, He is Antichrist.
 Doubt this and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ.
 Why 'tis a point of faith. Whateer it be
 I'm sure it is no point of charity.
 In sum no longer shall our people hope
 To be a true Protestant's but to hate the Pope.

But in this he had departed not only from his father but from his friend, the founder of that unique combination of domestic and religious life, the family community of Little Gidding, in whose devotions he delighted to share. For only the previous year Nicholas Ferrar had told an inquisitive visitor to Gidding that he 'believed the Pope to be Antichrist as firmly as any article in his creed'. It is indeed impossible to understand Crashaw's religious development if we suppose that seventeenth-century Anglicanism, even Laudian, was Anglo-Catholic as we know Anglo-Catholicism today. Laud himself on the scaffold gloried in the name Protestant. Even the Laudians rejected prayer to Our Lady and the Saints. George Herbert in pathetic lines says that he would gladly have prayed to the Mother of his God had not God forbidden it. Their Eucharistic theology is less easy to determine. It was certainly remote from Transubstantiation. A canon passed by convocation in 1640 under Laud's influence, when inculcating to the ire of the Puritans a bow of reverence towards the altar, states that it does so 'not upon any opinion of a corporal presence of Jesus Christ on the Holy Table or in the mystical elements'. Yet Laud's theology was higher than that of the Ferrars, and their diocesan and warm friend Bishop Williams of Lincoln repudiated even the Eucharistic theology of Laud, in particular prohibiting the Laudian practice of placing the Communion table altarwise against the east wall. At Little Gidding, Communion was celebrated only once a month as against the weekly celebration now normal even in Evangelical churches and which indeed Calvin would have instituted in Geneva had not the secular authorities forbidden it. George Herbert does not ask even for monthly Communion. Ferrar even said that if somehow Mass had been said in his house he would pull down the room in which it had been said, a sentiment, surely, in harmony with William Crashaw's 'Monster of transubstantiation'.¹

¹ Sermon preached at the Cross, 12 February, 1607.

Evidently we must not conclude from the elder Crashaw's violent hatred of the Catholic Church that he was hostile to the definitely Anglican school of thought or disliked the established liturgy and Church government. We should also notice an undercurrent of conflict between his hatred of Popery and a genuine Christian charity which shrank from the consequence he affirmed in the more truculent mood of his will, that no Papist could be saved. For there are admissions scarcely consistent that Catholics, at any rate simple lay folks, may after all be saved. And in a book of devotional translations from Catholic sources, his *Manual for True Catholics*, he explicitly states more than once that this is the case. 'Here followeth the means and manner how our forefathers in the time of Popery prepared themselves to die: by which it may appear that though they were misled by the crafty Romish clergy in divers errors and superstitions, yet in the great point of the means of salvation they were of our religion and were saved by it. Behold here our religion practised in the most misty times of Popery: behold here the true Catholic and ancient way to heaven.' In the sermon preached before the Virginia Company he grudgingly but honestly admits the zeal shown by Catholics for the conversion of the heathen, greater, it could not be denied, than that displayed by the Reformed Churches. 'If,' he says, the Papists 'seek the Pope's and their own glory why should not we seek God's? If they seek God's glory, a supposition not denied, we have cause to seek it more than they: in such works we would go with them to convert the heathen. . . . We must confess that in the last hundred years the Papists, such is their government and such their devotion to their superiors, wherein we may worthily learn of them, have sent many men to the West and East Indies to preach Christ, which if they had done without other abominable idolatry and superstition their fact had been most honourable.'¹ The conflict of sentiment which finds expression in these awkward sentences is evident. 'Some of you English Papists are graced with great devotion in your kind.'² Elsewhere William Crashaw calls Claudius Espencaeus, Doctor of the Sorbonne, 'this Popish yet honest Bishop'.³ He even claims Cajetan despite his Cardinal's hat as substantially a Lutheran, in his intention of course a compliment.⁴ To shew the power of prayer he appeals to Henry V's

¹ Sermon preached before the Virginia Company.

² *Romish Forgeries and Falsifications*.

³ *A Mitimus to the Jubilee at Rome or the Rates of the Pope's Custom House*.

⁴ *Romish Forgeries and Falsifications*.

words before the battle of Agincourt that victory was assured because 'at this hour they are praying for us in every church in England'. We should hardly have expected him to believe that the idolatrous devotions of Papists could have been so powerful with God.¹

Unfortunately the authorship is doubtful of a brochure which the writer of the elder Crashaw's life in the *Dictionary of National Biography* seems to accept as his. For, if it is from William Crashaw's pen, it presents him in an attitude of Christian charity and impartial judgement, even where Catholics are concerned, which it is not easy to reconcile with the usual tenor of his utterances. It is a pamphlet published in 1623 based upon another by a writer named Goad: *The Fatal Vesper or a True and Punctual Relation of that lamentable and fearful Accident happening on Sunday in the afternoon being 26 of October last by the Fall of a Room in Blackfriars in which were assembled many people at a Sermon which was to be preached by Fr. Drury a Jesuit*. It bears only the initials W. C. Its text is Our Lord's words, 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' Far from being the paean of triumph we might have expected, if it is by Crashaw, the writer warns his readers against the judgement that the victims were peculiarly sinful. 'Gentle reader,' he writes, 'whether Protestant or Papist, Reformed or Romish, thou seest an object presented unto thy view full of pity and compassion. "Judge not that ye be not judged." Neither think you that are readers of this mournful object that the men who perished thus together were greater sinners than yourselves, for unless ye repent ye shall likewise perish.' The truth of this discourse is set forth according to the best intelligence the author could procure. (In fact his account is substantially taken from Goad's) without leaning partially either to the Protestant or Papist. The writer defends himself against the charge of indifferentism in religion, a superfluous defence, surely, if he is William Crashaw. 'Neither inveigh against him because he doth not speak invectively against the sufferers, for it is a case that deserves elegies, mournful ditties rather than satires and invective speeches.' And of the preacher, a priest and a Jesuit to boot, he says, Fr. Drury 'was held by the generality of our nation both Protestants and Papists who knew him and could make a true estimate of his virtues and vices to be a man of good moral life and of a plausible and laudable conversation', a man in fact most unlike a delayed-action poisoner.

¹ Sermon preached before the Virginia Company.

Frankly I am perplexed. It is difficult to think that such sentiments came from a pen elsewhere so vitriolic against Papists and Jesuits. On the other hand we have noticed in work certainly authentic recognitions, however qualified, of Catholic virtues, and devout Catholics and Catholic hymns and devotions are translated for the benefit of Protestant readers. We may therefore reasonably opine, though we cannot be certain, that in view of the tragedy the genuinely and profoundly Christian Crashaw triumphed over the No-Popery Crashaw. The writer in fact shews a vein of tenderness which reminds us of the poet, probably at least, his son. If William Crashaw wrote this pamphlet the fierce bigotry expressed in the previous year by his will had yielded under the influence of pity to a more charitable mood. Possibly the use of initials, for the first and last time, indicated that the author was somewhat ashamed of his better self or at least lacked the courage of his convictions. I might add that the detailed account of the disaster, taken from Goad, is a vivid piece of journalism, well worth reading for its own sake.

Not only is there no evidence that William Crashaw was a Puritan in the sense of a man so radically Protestant that he disliked the Anglican Prayer Book and the episcopal government of the Anglican Church, there is positive evidence to the contrary. In his Virginia sermon he exhorts the Council: 'Suffer no Brownists nor factious separatists. Let them keep their conventicles elsewhere', in which he was more zealous for Anglicanism than the treasurer of the Council, Sir Edwin Sandys, who would have permitted the Mayflower Puritans to settle in the Colony. In one of the poison sermons he says, 'Despise not the Church of God nor the congregations of the Saints, run not with the schismatics into corners and conventicles.' In a sermon preached at the Cross (Paul's Cross) on 13 February, 1607, he joins Brownists with Papists in his condemnation. He defends the Church of England against the Brownists 'as lawful and holy', 'because it brings salvation'. It is approved, he urges, by the Calvinist Churches of the Continent. 'Tell us not of France, Scotland, Geneva, Zurich, Basle—for they be all ours and not yours: they do all approve us as a glorious Church and condemn you as factious and schismatical. What remains for you to go unto but unto your own corners and conventicles where you are your own carvers, your own judges, your own approvers but have not one Church in Christendom to approve you.' The Brownists so vigorously condemned

would later under the title Independents (today Congregationalists) dominate English religion for a few years under Cromwell. Crashaw, it is true, does not condemn the other influential, and at this time the strongest, form of Puritanism, Presbyterianism. On the contrary, as we have just seen, he speaks of the Presbyterian Churches abroad in terms of the warmest eulogy. But there is nothing to make us believe that he therefore wished to substitute in England the Presbyterian for the Episcopalian form of Church government. The philosopher and apologist of Anglicanism and the defender of her polity against the Presbyterians, the judicious Hooker, did not unchurch the foreign Presbyterians. Nor in his view is episcopal ordination indispensable by divine ordinance for a true Church and valid ministry. Nor did King James unchurch the continental Protestant Calvinist bodies for their Presbyterian government. For he sent an official delegation to the Dutch synod of Dort which, rushing in where the Pope refrained from pronouncement, defined and imposed under penalties an uncompromising form of Predestinarianism. But no one can question the attachment to Episcopacy of the author of the saying 'No Bishop, no King.' When about 1643 Ferrar's niece, Mary Collet, paid a lengthy visit to a merchant in Leyden there is no reason to suppose that she refused to worship in the Dutch Calvinist churches. Laud, it is true, did unchurch the nonepiscopal churches. But this was an unusual and still an extreme position to adopt. William Crashaw was as faithful and devoted an Anglican as any Laudian could be. As I have already said, if by a Puritan we mean one for whom the Anglican hierarchy and liturgy were too Popish, he was most emphatically not a Puritan. In his study of Crashaw, Dr. Mario Praz concludes that because he contributed appreciative verses to William Crashaw's *Manual for True Catholics*, Benjamin Lany, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, Richard's college, he must have been converted from an original Puritanism to his later Laudianism.¹ On the contrary, Lany's friendship with the elder Crashaw, and his appreciation of his most Catholic work, is a further indication that the latter, though not a Laudian, was no Puritan, but a devoted and zealous Anglican. Nor is it without significance in this connexion that Richard went up to the college over which his father's High Anglican friend presided or indeed that the guardians appointed by his father's will had sent him to a school, Charterhouse, markedly Royalist and Anglican.

¹ *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra* (page 165)

Moreover, in effect, William Crashaw rejects private judgement in religion in favour of ecclesiastical authority. The principle at any rate of the Church's doctrinal authority from which the younger Crashaw would later draw the logical conclusion was first learned from his father. 'Woe to him,' William preached, 'that despiseth his godly Pastor and learned teacher, for he despiseth the means and minister of his salvation, and the very dust that cleaves to the minister's feet shall be a witness . . . to testify the due deserved damnation of such caitiffs.'¹

And in his *Manual for True Catholics* William Crashaw translates with full approval for his readers' use questions taken from mediaeval forms for use at a deathbed—one of which he attributes to St. Anselm, the other to Gerson. 'Dost thou believe all the principal articles of faith and all that is contained in the whole body of scripture according to the exposition of the Catholic and orthodoxial Doctors of the Holy Church? And dost thou detest all heresies and errors and superstitions condemned or reproved by the Church and art thou glad that thou diest in the faith of Christ and unity and obedience of thy mother the Church? It is a sign that the dying man will be saved if he believe the articles of Christian faith as many as are determined by the Church.' Here the translator seems to have in mind not so much the common faith of the reformed Churches, though he would not of course exclude it, as the faith of the primitive Church such as he conceived it to be before it was clouded over by the 'mists', to use his own term, of Popery, and such as it continued, a saving and indefectible doctrine and faith beneath these obscuring and distorting vapours. And because this essential faith has been continuously preserved he remarks, 'How truly Christ performed His promise, namely that the gates of hell should not prevail against the true faith, for, so we see, that in the vilest times this faith hath been preserved.' Evidently a regard for ecclesiastical authority and ancient tradition must have been early impressed on his son's mind to be developed later on lines so alien to his father.

Moreover, as King James's dictum pithily expressed it, the Puritan was on the side of Parliament as against the monarchy. William Crashaw speaks, like his son later, the language of a fervent Royalism. 'God,' he says, has shewn his favour to the Virginia Company 'by inclining the hearts of our mighty King and noble Prince (Henry) to make themselves fathers and founders of this

¹ *The Parable of Poison.*

plantation and thereby shewing themselves new Constantines or Charles the Greats. The ages to come will style them by the glorious names of James the great and Great Henry.' And he dedicates his Paul's Cross sermon to Prince Henry. 'Go forward, princely Solomon, and walk still in the ways of David your kingly father.' We are reminded of his son's poetic tributes to Henrietta Maria and her offspring, her 'nest of phoenixes'.

William Crashaw has left a statement of his positive beliefs, a catechism he compiled: *Milk for Babies or a Country Catechism made plain and easy to the capacity of the Simplest*. It ran into several editions. Its most interesting feature is perhaps the treatment of justification and sanctification. While enunciating the fundamental Protestant doctrine of justification by faith, the author proceeds to correct it in such fashion as to reach in substance, though not in theological statement, the Catholic position. We must be saved, he writes, 'by a special saving and justifying faith by which a man believes his own reconciliation with God and salvation by Christ'. But he adds shortly:

This does not suffice for salvation. We cannot be saved unless we be sanctified as well as justified. *Q.* What is the work of sanctification? *A.* A work of the Holy Ghost by which such as are redeemed are made new creatures and enabled to do good and holy works. *Q.* How does the Holy Ghost sanctify? *A.* By His own work and blessing, the Word of God and Sacraments. *Q.* What are the parts of sanctification? *A.* Two, mortification and vivification. *Q.* What is mortification? *A.* The killing of our corruption and weakening of sin in us. *Q.* What is vivification? *A.* The quickening of grace and holiness in our souls. *Q.* How are these wrought in us? *A.* By the virtue of Christ, His death and Resurrection applied unto us in the Word and Sacraments.

Evidently there is no question here of being saved by a faith in Christ's merits imputed externally. Those alone are saved who are sanctified by an interior holiness made evident by good works. The ultra Puritan Rous, it may be added, expresses in other terms what amounts to the same doctrine. For he identifies justification with sanctification.

The Puritans disliked kneeling to receive Communion. When they could they received it seated, a posture against which the Anglican poet Vaughan protests indignantly. 'Some sit to Thee and eat Thy Body as their kitchen meat.' On this point also William Crashaw was opposed to them. 'What gesture,' he asks in this

catechism, 'is fittest to receive in? A. That which is most humble because then we shew the Lord's death.'

The Puritans, like later Protestants, whether Anglican or Non-conformist, disliked auricular Confession. Crashaw, faithful to the plain teaching of the Prayer Book, was in favour of it provided it were not obligatory. In one of his many anti-Catholic writings he says: 'Touching confession to man, howsoever God's Church knows no reason' (notice once more the ecclesiastical appeal) 'to enjoin it to be practised by all Christians, as is the Pope's auricular confession, because it is simply necessary to confess to God, but to man not so, yet our Church and doctrine not only allow but advise and *exhort all men* to use it even to man for their consolation or direction when they find cause. And we deny not but it may be of great use and hath ever been practised in God's true Church by such as tendered the quiet state of their own souls. And we doubt not but many do grievously burden their consciences and carry sore troubled and full heavy hearts about them, because they do not open their minds and discover the spiritual state of their souls unto their godly Pastors whose duty by our doctrine is not only readily, lovingly and patiently to hear them but with all his [*sic*] power and best skill to direct, advise and comfort them and faithfully to keep secret whatever is thus in confession made known to them as ministers of God.' Unfortunately, however, thoughts of Fr. Gerard and the Gunpowder Conspirators made him add that the magistrate may be informed if some mischief is intended.¹ It is a little surprising in view of the writer's devotion to Anglican doctrine that in spite of the plain language of the Prayer Book conferring on priests power to remit or retain sin and providing in the Visitation of the Sick a wholly Catholic form of absolution, he treats Confession here as wholly a matter of direction and says nothing of absolution. I can hardly think, however, that he would have refused to employ the Prayer Book formula. And in any case the value he attaches to private confession aligns him with the Anglicans as against the Puritans.

His attitude towards Our Lady seems to me very much the same as that which inspired those verses of Herbert's in which he says how gladly he would have prayed to her had it been lawful to do so. He allows that 'she is the most blessed of all Saints'. 'This blessedness far be it from us to impeach, and who would not yield her all blessedness and honour that a creature may have of whom

¹ *A Mittimus to the Jubilee at Rome or the Rates of the Pope's Custom House.*

God vouchsafed to take the flesh of man. If any Protestants,' he continues, 'have seemed to speak slightly, it was not done in any the least contempt of her but with zeal they bear to the honour of their Saviour.'¹ And translating from a Latin hymn he calls her the Mother of God.

God to God and not to th'other (Nature)
Was Father but Mary to both was Mother.²

But oddly his language here departs from orthodoxy in the opposite direction so to speak. For he seems to regard Mary as Mother of Our Lord's Godhead.

Bishop Andrewes had supplemented the Prayer Book offices by a form for the dedication of churches. William Crashaw is with him in this. 'Our religion,' he writes, 'doth solemnly and decently dedicate churches to God and useth them not for God's worship till they be set apart by solemn consecration.'³ It was just such a solemn consecration, probably according to Bishop Andrewes' rite, of St. Catherine Cree which brought down the wrath of Pryne on the head of Archbishop Laud, and this reverence for churches was remote from the fashion in which they were treated by the Puritans. But it was in harmony with his son's interest in church restoration as expressed in his Shelford verses.

When the church at Little Gidding was restored to serve as a chapel for Ferrar's community the pulpit and the reading-desk were made of equal height 'to show that prayer was an ordinance of equal value with preaching'. The High Anglican Shelford complained in his *Discourses* that 'the beauty of preaching hath preached away the beauty of holiness; for if men may have a sermon, prayer and church service . . . may sit abroad in the cold'. And Laud in his diary congratulated himself on obtaining from King Charles a promise not to come into his chapel, as his father had regularly done, just to hear the sermon, either at the end of prayers or to break them off. On this point the elder Crashaw was a Laudian. In fact he goes further than Ferrar's equalization of prayer and preaching. He gives precedence to prayer. In the *Milk for Babes Catechism* he says that public worship is 'first and chiefly to call on God by prayer and thanksgiving. Secondly, to hear God's word read and preached.' He praises two London churches for daily prayers⁴ and hopes they will be practised in Virginia.⁵

¹ *The Besspotted Jesuit*.

² *Manual for True Catholics*.

³ Sermon preached at the Cross.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Sermon preached before the Virginia Company.

'There the Catholic regulars,' he wrote, 'all rise at midnight both men and women and go to their service in their churches, the devotion whereof should be honourable in our eyes, if it were not tainted with such gross superstition and accompanied with so many miserable and monstrous inconveniences.'¹ Since the night-watches at Little Gidding were not accompanied by these Catholic ceremonies and devotions, these words amount surely to an anticipated approval of them and therefore of his son's share in them during his visits to Gidding, as also of his nightly prayer at Cambridge, where 'in St. Mary's Church near St. Peter's college—like a primitive saint he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day'. Indeed in this most fundamental point of religion from first to last father and son were in entire agreement, and the latter had no doubt learned from the former, namely, in the value they attached to prayer and their confidence in its power. God, the elder Crashaw preached, had blessed the Virginia plantation, 'by moving all good men to pray for it. An enterprise so prayed for cannot fail, as holy old Anselm' (a curious slip, but proof that he could call a Catholic Archbishop holy) 'said of young Augustine, a soul that cost his mother so many prayers cannot perish.' He continues with that unexpected and inconsistent appeal to the efficacious prayers offered for the victory of Henry V's army. He concludes in an eloquent passage: 'The power of the whole army of Angels' (he had been insisting on their protection of the enterprise) 'be unto God but as a drop of water to the sea and the might of all men be inferior to the power of one Angel, yet the prayers of the good man are able to shake hell and make the devil tremble.' In the Milk for Babes Catechism the question is asked 'Why do you call prayer a chief work of piety? A. For two causes. First, prayer sanctifies all the rest. Again the rest are but sometimes to be done but prayer continually. Q. How can we always pray? A. We may always lift up our hearts to God and that is the chief thing in prayer.' And in a beautiful Catholic prayer for the dying translated in the Manual Our Lord is asked to 'make the dying man partaker of all thy (? the) prayers and good deeds done in the whole Church.' The translator not only bears witness here to the value of prayer, but without realizing it accepts the Catholic doctrine of the communion of all members of the Church in the prayer and good works of the Saints. Here, as elsewhere, one is conscious of a conflict in William Crashaw

¹ *A Mittimus to the Jubilee at Rome or the Rates of the Pope's Custom House.*

between his virulent hatred of the Catholic Church and a devotion, not so remote from his son's, which chafes almost visibly against the theological barriers his Protestantism imposed. From this point of view Richard Crashaw is not the opposite of William but his emancipation and fulfilment. In the impressionable and docile years of childhood his father taught the poet to love and practise prayer. Had he given him the complete Catholic creed with all its inexhaustible wealth of religious truth, without the life of prayer he would have given him less. For it is for the sake of prayer that the Church exists.

On no point have I discovered any doctrinal divergence between William Crashaw and the Ferrars or their friend George Herbert. Neither the Ferrars nor Herbert belonged to the advanced wing of Laudians. Whereas Dr. Owen, in the porch he added to St. Mary's, Oxford, set up the statue of Our Lady which remains to this day, Nicholas Ferrar refused to put into his chapel even a stained-glass window representing the Crucifixion, though he would, he said, have left it had it been there already. Whereas at his trial Laud refused to state plainly that the Pope is Antichrist and like the youthful Richard Crashaw deprecated such invective, calculated, he said, to repel Papists rather than win them over, Ferrar, as we have seen, held it as a fundamental article of his creed. He cannot have liked Crashaw's verses. Presumably the friends debated the point when the poet visited Gidding. For in spite of his close friendship with the family and his frequent visits Crashaw had already gone beyond his friends in the Catholic direction. While still their Anglican friend and fellow worshipper he had paraphrased hymns and offices distinctively Catholic, and had composed a poem to honour the Assumption, a doctrine also affirmed by the Laudian Antony Stafford in his little book of devotion to Mary: *The Female Glory*. In so far as he had departed from Nicholas Ferrar, Richard had departed from his dead father. But between Nicholas and his father there was no significant doctrinal divergence.

We can, however, go further. I have often referred to William Crashaw's sermon before the Virginia Council in which he displays the warmest interest in the colony and above all as a missionary centre to evangelize the Indians. The sermon was preached in the first years of the Company and I have unfortunately failed to discover evidence of a later connexion between Crashaw and the Company. But it is to say the least extremely unlikely that he lost interest in an undertaking for which he was so

enthusiastic and from which he expected so much. If, however, he remained in touch with the Council he must have been in touch with the Ferrars, the devout city merchant, the elder Nicholas Ferrar and his sons John and Nicholas. For the elder Ferrar was a shareholder in the Company, and John a member of the Council, later deputy treasurer. And the Council met every week in Ferrar's 'great parlour'. When Nicholas returned from abroad in 1618 he became at first an unofficial secretary to the Council, later in turn a member of the Council and deputy treasurer. Finally he took a leading part in the unsuccessful defence of the Council against King James, when that monarch, instead of continuing to play the rôle assigned him by the preacher of a Constantine or Charles the Great, turned against the Council and finally revoked its patent. These events could hardly have left unconcerned so devoted a Virginian as William Crashaw. Moreover, the administrative policy pursued by the Council, which made ample provision for the Church in the new colony and founded a missionary college, was precisely that urged in his sermon. We are surely, therefore, justified in concluding—though we cannot to my knowledge strictly prove it—that William Crashaw was a friend of the Ferrars, visited their house and supported their Virginian policy. And if this, as we may presume, was in fact the case his son did not make the acquaintance of John and Nicholas Ferrar for the first time through his Anglican *milieu* at Cambridge, but long before as a boy in his father's home, so that it was to his father that he owed his introduction to them. The family at Gidding is generally supposed to have helped him along the road which eventually led him to the allegiance of his father's bogey, the Pope. The belief is, I am sure, mistaken. In fact the influence of Little Gidding did not draw him forward but held him back. As we have seen, he had already gone beyond Nicholas Ferrar in the Catholic direction. The attraction undoubtedly exercised by the devotion of the Gidding household which exceeded the practice of so many Catholic religious houses, weighed with him no doubt as possibly the most powerful, certainly the most striking, argument that, in spite of the aggressive Protestantism which already hurt him sorely, the Church of England must be a province of God's true Church and his spiritual mother. For she could appeal to the undeniable mark of her children's holiness.

It may be added that on a point where the elder Crashaw seems to us pre-eminently Puritan and agreed with Prynne

against Laud, his fanatical hatred of the theatre, his view was shared by Nicholas Ferrar, who from his deathbed ordered a holocaust of the poetry and drama he had collected when still in the world but had put away for years. When he thinks of the Quarto Shakespeares and other priceless Elizabethan and Jacobean plays and collections of verse which went up in flames that November day in 1637, the bibliophile finds it hard to forgive this disastrously misguided zeal.

For Puritanism of this kind was far from being bound up with the doctrinal variety. It was shared later by the Non-juror Collier and the Non-juring mystic Law. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the poet ever parted company with his father on this point. For this hostility to the players was entertained by perhaps the majority of devout Catholics. Bossuet would have heartily agreed with William Crashaw's denunciations of the stage.

In another way unintended, or rather contrary to his intention, the elder Crashaw may well have set his son's feet on the path to Rome. As his writings prove, he was well acquainted with Catholic literature both theological and devotional. In this matter indeed there is a striking contrast between the older English Protestantism of the seventeenth century, Anglican or Puritan, and the later English Protestantism whose heyday was the nineteenth century. The latter, hating and despising the Catholic Church, refused to look at her. The former, with equal hostility, fixed its gaze upon her, and though primarily, by no means exclusively, to find fault. In a secondhand bookshop I dipped into a Protestant attempt at a *Summa Theologica* by the minister of a Somerset parish during the Commonwealth. I was amazed at his wide knowledge not only of the great Catholic doctors of earlier times such as St. Thomas, but of the later theologians, such as Suarez, Banez and Bellarmine. When Cromwell's favourite chaplain, the Independent Sterry, retired during the Plague to a friend's house he took with him a few selected books whose names he listed. The list is headed 'Thom. Aquin. Summes.' Sterry was, I grant, an exceptional figure. A Platonist whose religion is aesthetic in colouring, he was obviously attracted on one side of his temperament to the Catholic religion—the stumbling-block in fact being authority and law. But I have found the same acquaintance with Catholic theology among those whose dislike of the Church was more wholehearted. And, as I have just said, it was not used solely for fault-finding. Culverwell, the Cambridge Platonist, discusses the

respective merits of the Thomist view which places man's final beatitude primarily in the understanding and the Scotist which places it in the will. In matters indeed on which Protestant theology agreed with Catholic—in the judgement of Abbé Constant more than half the Thirty-nine Articles 'are in conformity with Catholic doctrine'¹—the Protestants were ready to make use of Catholic theologians. Rous, for example, a Presbyterian first, finally an Independent, in his Heavenly Academy, appeals to a passage from the Summa on the higher light of grace super-added to the light of nature. The predestinarian Bradwardine was widely read. Throughout the period, works of Catholic spirituality and devotion fed and influenced Protestant devotion. A bowdlerized and unacknowledged version of Parsons' *Directory*, though it was the work of a Jesuit particularly obnoxious to Protestants and widely disliked even by his fellow Catholics, enjoyed a considerable success. Everard, imprisoned for his violent opposition to the Spanish match, translated Catholic mystical writings.

In the last year of the Commonwealth a publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard published Serenus de Cressy's edition of Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*. William Crashaw, it is true, denounced the reading of Catholic books if the Protestant answers were not read.² But his own bookshelves were well furnished with Catholic books. And, as we have seen, he translated Catholic devotions for the edification and use of Protestants. A boy with Richard Crashaw's alert intelligence and strong religious interest presumably made his first acquaintance with Catholic literature in his father's library.

In another way the elder Crashaw influenced his son, namely as a poet. In his *Manual for True Catholics* he translates a number of mediaeval Catholic hymns. True his verse is pedestrian and normally remote from his son's manner. But the fact remains that William set the example of translating Catholic hymns.

There is a hymn to the Father, the translation of which opens:

First and last One God divine
All men's God as well as mine.

'All men's God' is a felicitous addition by the translator.

¹ *Reformation in England*, Vol. II. Eng. trs., pp. 283-4.

² *The Parable of Poison*.

From a hymn to the Son I quote :

Temporal yet time defying,
 Ever living yet once dying,
 He rose and so to heaven ascended,
 Whence He shall come when time doth call,
 Though judged Himself to judge us all.

Another piece is entitled 'A Devout and Holy Prayer'.

In this sea of dread and doubt
 My poor bark is tossed about
 With storms and pirates far and wide,
 Death and woes on every side.
 Come thou steersman ever blest,
 Calm these winds that me molest,
 Chase these ruthless pirates hence
 And shew me some safe residence.

Continuing this hymn by Hildebert he comes to the well-known verses about heaven: 'Me receptet Sion illa'.

In Sion lodge me (Lord) for pity
 Sion, David's kingly city
 Built by Him that's only good,
 Whose gates are of the Crosse's wood,
 Whose dwellers fear none but the Lord,
 Whose keys are Christ's undoubted word,
 Whose walls are stone, strong, quick and bright,
 Whose keeper is the Lord of light.
 Here the light doth never cease
 Endless spring and endless peace.
 Here is music heaven filling,
 Sweetness evermore distilling.

Another piece is entitled 'A Holy Meditation of man's Misery and God's Mercy':

But oh humanity
 With how great vanity
 Art thou betost:
 To dote in care
 On things that are
 So quickly lost.

If to thy fear
 The judge appear
 With angry face,
 Know He will lose
 Not one of those
 That beg His grace.

William also translated separately a product of the grimmer aspect of mediaeval religion: *The Complaint or Dialogue betwixt the Soul and Body of a Damned Man supposed to be written by St. Bernard from a Nightly Vision of his*. It is certainly not from St. Bernard's pen. It achieves a measure of unpleasant force which the translation has certainly not lost. This is shewn by comparison with the original Latin, printed, as also in the case of the hymns, together with the translation. In turn the soul and body of the departed blames his fate on the other.

In silence of a winter's night
 A sleeping yet awaking sprite,
 A lifeless body to my sight
 Methought appeared thus addight.

Wast but yesterday the world was thine
 And all the country stood at thy devotion,
 Thy train that followed thee?
 Oh, doleful alteration.

Thou art not now
 Begirt with troops of friends.
 The flower of all thy beauty
 Lies in dust.
 The bands of every love
 Do here take end.
 Yea, thine own wife
 Now thinks all tears unjust.

The Latin jingles intolerably for so awful a theme:

O felix conditio
 Pecorum brutorum
 Cadunt cum corporibus
 Spiritus eorum.

It is the rhythm of the famous Goliardic verse,

Mihi est propositum
In taberna mori.

The translator with genuine poetic feeling has substituted a more appropriate cadence:

Happy are ye brute beasts, happy your state,
You wholly die at once and only rot.

And at the beginning and the end he has altered to good purpose his own metre.

But the father's poetry approaches his son's more closely when he is translating to attack the original. One of his outbursts against the Jesuits, *The bespotted Jesuit whose Gospel is full of blasphemy against the blood of Christ*, consists largely of invective against a poem by a Flemish Jesuit, Bonarsch, addressed to Our Lady of Hal and the Child Jesus. It is a florid poem and we need not be anti-Catholic to find it distasteful. The desire spiritually to suck Our Lady's milk or the blood from Christ's wounds jars on my sensibility. But one should recognize that devotion is inevitably and rightly coloured by the taste of the period and environment to which it belongs and to which it must make its appeal. And the poem is in harmony with the devotional taste of Baroque Catholicism, though in my opinion with its weakness rather than its strength.

Precisely the same devotion is to be found in a contemporary emblem book: Fr. Hoyer's *Flammulae Amoris S. P. Augustini*—he was an Augustinian, not a 'bespotted Jesuit'. He depicts the Saint on his knees receiving on his haloed head two streams, blood from Our Lord's side, milk from Our Lady's breast. And he expatiates on this emblem in two lengthy poems, the former stuffed with allusions to classical mythology, the latter in the same vein of devotional luxuriance as Bonarsch's poem.

In any case, to denounce the poem William Crashaw had to translate it. He did so in verse which, if like so much contemporary translation, it is not always an accurate rendering of the original, reproduces faithfully its substance and style—once more he has printed the Latin—so successfully indeed that one might have thought the translation the work not of an enemy but an admirer. It is difficult to avoid the impression that as poet the translator

did in truth sympathize subconsciously with the poetry the theologian condemned. Indeed he may even consciously have relished the poetry, even the taste, and hated only the theology. And—this is most significant—it is the type of poetry which in his son's hands reached its highest achievement. That is to say, there is a temperamental poetic inheritance of the son from the father. I shall quote sufficient of the translation to enable students of the poet to judge whether my belief is justified.

My thoughts are at a stand; of milk and blood
Delights of breast and side which yields most good,
And say, when on thy teats mine eyes I cast
O Lady, of thy breast I beg a taste.
But if mine eyes upon Thy wounds do glide
Then, Jesu, I had rather suck thy side.
Long have I mused, nor know I where to rest:
For with my right hand I will grasp Thy breast
(If so I may presume) as for the wounds
With left I'll catch them; thus my zeal abounds:
And of the milk and blood in mixture make
The sovereignest cordial simple soul can take.
These wounds corrupted ulcers mundifies [*sic*]
Which none can cure unless he cauterize.

In a later edition the translator is at pains to correct this ugly and ungrammatical couplet, the retouching of a poet careful for the quality of his work, not of a controversialist hot after his prey.

These breasts the fainting Ishmael well would cherish
Whom Sara scorned and Agar could not nourish.
Youngling that in Thy Mother's arms art playing
Sucking her breast sometimes and sometimes straying
Why dost Thou view me with a look of scorn
Tis forceless envy that gainst thee is borne.

This is a mistranslation. The sense is that envy in the meaning of grudging niggardliness is powerless to touch heaven, cannot exist there.

Oh, hast Thou said, being angry at my sin
Dost thou desire the teats my food lies in?
I will not, oh I dare not, golden child:
My mind from fear is not so far exiled.
But one, even one poor drop I do implore
From thy right hand or side; I ask no more.

If neither, from Thy left hand let one fall
 Nay from Thy foot rather than none at all.
 But ah I thirst: ah drought my breath does smother
 Quench me with blood sweet Son, with milk good Mother.
 Say to Thy Mother: See my brother's thirst
 Mother your milk will ease him at the first.
 Say to Thy Son: Behold thy brother's bands
 Sweet Son Thou hast his ransom in Thy hands.
 Ah when shall I with these (the milk and blood) be satisfied,
 When shall I swim in joys of breast and side.

William Crashaw's polemic forcing poetry into the logic of the theological textbook concludes that this Jesuit 'anointed by the devil with the oil of mischief above all his fellows' teaches that Mary's milk is more precious than her Son's blood—if I am denied the former give me *at least* the latter. A less prejudiced view would have seen that the certainly ill-judged language meant no more than that the Blood is necessary for our salvation, the milk a superabundant grace and consolation. But we can well believe that the imagination of Richard, eight years old when the second edition appeared, was struck by a poem held up to him as particularly naughty, and the luxuriance of its devotion to which his father's translation did justice made if only an unrecognized appeal.

Was not the impression echoed when in his paraphrase of the *Stabat Mater* he wrote:

O let me suck the wine
 So long of this chaste vine,
 Till drunk of the dear wounds I be
 A lost thing to the world as it to me.

'I swim in joys' is thoroughly in Richard's vein with his predilection for images drawn from water or other liquids, tears, wine, milk, blood. 'Golden child.' 'Youngling that in thy Mother's arms art playing', there surely we catch something of Richard's manner.

Indeed, his editor, Mr. L. C. Martin, points out that Richard's 'My golden Lad' echoes his father's 'Golden child' and 'A drop, one drop craved' by his Dives his father's 'but one, even one, poor drop'.¹

Undoubtedly Crashaw was indebted to his father not only in his religion and prayer but as a poet.

¹ Crashaw's *Poetical Works*. (Clarendon Press Edition, 1927, pp. 434, 435.)

Before I conclude, it may not be amiss to say something of what, if not an influence on Crashaw, is at least an instructive parallel, the mystical writing of Francis Rous.

Its author's reputation as a prominent and virulent foe of Anglicanism might well have prevented Crashaw from reading a little book published in 1635, Rous's *Mystical Marriage or Experimental Discourses of the Heavenly Marriage between a soul and her Saviour*. Yet its passionate mysticism was far closer to his poetry than any production of an Anglican pen. The verse of a Herbert, even of a Vaughan, is pale by comparison with these prose fervours. The parallel between Rous and Crashaw proves that mystical devotion of this erotic and Baroque colour was in the spiritual atmosphere of the time, and from this point of view repays notice by students of the poet.

'By often visitations,' writes Rous, 'put Thy own image and beauty more and more on my soul and then love Thy own beauty in my soul and my soul for Thy own beauty which Thou hast put on her and let my soul love Thee infinitely for being infinitely more beautiful than that beauty which Thou hast put on my soul and therefore infinitely more lovely than that which Thou lovest in my soul.' 'Thy being is loveliness itself and Thy being is love itself, for God is love. Come therefore unto me O Thou who art love and love Thyself in me.' I am reminded of St. John of the Cross in his *Spiritual Canticle*. 'Let me be so transformed in Thy beauty that being alike in beauty we may see ourselves both in Thy beauty: I now having Thy very beauty, so that, one beholding the other, each may see his own beauty in the other, the beauty of both being Thine only and I being absorbed in Thy beauty and I shall see myself in Thee in Thy beauty, and Thou Thyself in me in Thy beauty and so shall I seem to be Thyself in Thy beauty and Thou myself in Thy beauty; my beauty shall be Thine, Thine shall be mine; and thus I shall be Thou in Thy Beauty and Thou myself in thine own beauty; for Thy very beauty will be my beauty and so we shall see each other, in Thy beauty.' Though Rous insists on the transcendence of God's beauty over His communication of it to the soul the likeness is striking. And although we cannot be certain that Crashaw read St. John of the Cross, his devotion to the other great Spanish mystic makes it probable.

Crashaw delights in a spiritual intoxication. 'A sweet inebriated ecstasy.'

By all thy brimfilled bcwls of fierce desire:
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire.

Let my soul swell with the strong wine of love
Some drink from men to beasts O Then
Drink we till we prove more, not less than men:
And turn not beasts but Angels. Let the King
Me ever into these His cellars bring:
Where flows such wine as we can have of none
But Him who trod the winepress all alone.
Wine of youth's life and the sweet deaths of love,
Wine of immortal mixture which can prove
Its tincture from the rosy nectar, wine
That can exalt weak earth and so refine
Our dust that in one draught mortality
May drink itself up and forget to die.

'Let the soul,' Rous wrote, 'drink plentifully that she may be mounted up in a divine ecstasy above her carnal and earthly station.' 'Let the measure sometimes be not only full but running over to a spiritual drunkenness but not unto drowning: for these ecstasies and excesses of love shall somewhat increase my ability of loving Thee. For when my understanding, will and affections are all overflown, overcome and amazed, then shall my wonder gaze on Thee and my very faintings shall be inflamed towards Thee and melt me into Thee.'

Compare Crashaw:

When these Thy deaths so numerous
Shall all at once die into one
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion.

In the same vein is Rous's beautiful saying: 'When the wine of natural joy is spent and there is nothing left but the water of affliction, then doth Christ turn this water into wine.'

Like Crashaw's, Rous's religion is on fire.

'The spirit of union is fire, and fire turns that into itself to which it is united.' 'He and she are met in the heats of a spiritual conjugation and the excesses of a fruitive union.'

His warm heart hatched into a nest
Of little eagles and young loves whose high
Flights scorn the lazy dust and things that die.

So Crashaw.

'Let the soul,' wrote Rous, 'often go out of the body, yea, out of the world by heavenly contemplation and treading on the top of the earth with the bottom of her feet, stretch herself up to look over the world into that upper world where her treasure, her joy, her beloved dwelleth.'

Thus Rous's prose and Crashaw's verse are alike examples of a mystical and ecstatic religion, felt and expressed with that Baroque passion and sensuousness, that 'spirit of sense' noted by Praz in Bernini's sculpture of St. Teresa's ecstasy and in Crashaw's poetry. Crashaw was an unworldly scholar who sacrificed all for the Catholic faith and died prematurely, the victim in all probability of long continued privation. Rous was a Puritan zealot, a successful politician, Provost of Eton, Speaker of Barebone's Parliament and a Cromwellian peer, fortunate even in his death on the eve of the Restoration. No contrast could well be greater.

Yet their kinship in the interior life and its expression is evident. In what Rous called *Interiora regni Dei* they meet and are reconciled.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE

Its Meaning and Necessity

By THOMAS MERTON

THERE are six Trappist monasteries in the United States. Soon there will be seven. And if the Trappist monks had enough trained men to start other new foundations there would soon be many more, because day after day new offers come in to the Superiors of this strict contemplative Order requesting that colonies of monks be sent to every part of the United States.

Of the six monasteries that are already flourishing in Kentucky, Iowa, Rhode Island, Georgia, Utah and New Mexico, two are a hundred years old, one is fifty years old and the other three were founded within the last five years. The two oldest abbeys had a terrible struggle for the first fifty or sixty years of their existence. Trappist Superiors in Europe, seeing that there were practically no American vocations to the silent, contemplative cloisters of the monks, were almost convinced that the contemplative life was impossible in America. Americans were too active, too restless. They were too fond of comfort and recreations. They had to talk or burst. You could never keep them quiet and pin them down to lives of austere penance and spiritual poverty, lives concentrated upon the union of the intellect and the will with God in the obscure and purifying light that is infused, by the Holy Spirit, into the souls of the saints!

Yet now, since World War II, all the Trappist monasteries in the States are crowded to the doors with young Americans, vigorous and happy men, with all the energy and the common sense and good-humour and sociability that characterize that nation. In a way, it almost amounts to a spiritual revolution. It is something that will have its repercussions on thousands of Americans who would never seriously think of becoming monks, and yet for whom

the contemplative life may well turn out to be a matter of vital importance.

The contemplative life, in its purest and strictest sense, is led in monasteries. But in a broader sense every life can be dedicated to some extent to contemplation, and even the most active of lives can and should be balanced by a contemplative element—leavened by the peace and order and clarity that can be provided by meditation, interior prayer, and the deep penetration of the most fundamental truths of human existence.

The fact is that America seems to be waking up to the need of just some such thing as this. People are obscurely becoming aware of the truth that 'with desolation is the whole world made desolate because there is no one that thinketh in his heart'.

The collapse of the vague materialistic humanism that has been common currency for the past two or three centuries has left the world tragically aware of its own spiritual bankruptcy. Generation after generation of men have so lost the sense of an interior life, have so isolated themselves from their own spiritual depths by an exteriorization that has at last ended in complete superficiality, that now we are scarcely capable of enjoying any interior peace and quiet and stability. Men have come to live so exclusively on the surface of their being that life has become a mere quest of rudimentary pleasures and a flight from physical and mental pain. We are left at the mercy of external stimuli, and stimulation has even come to take the place that used, at one time, to be occupied by thought and reflection and understanding. Even religion has degenerated, in some quarters, into a cult of feelings and pious emotions and, at best, a vague sense of fellowship and kindness and general optimism about one's neighbour. We fall pitifully in love with whatever flatters us, and our existence becomes a perpetual search for whatever comforts our over-excitability sensibilities. Under such conditions, interior peace, which must necessarily depend on a certain moral stamina, and on resistance to useless stimulation, has become, for most men, absolutely impossible.

In consequence of all this, when our world collapses on our heads—as it is trying very hard to do at this moment—we have no way to react except to make more and more noise, deafen ourselves with arguments that have little or no meaning, until at last we fold up and retreat into the silence of dumb despair.

The spiritual bankruptcy of man has left him no refuge within himself, no interior citadel to which he can withdraw to collect his

strength and size up the moral situation that confronts him, and in which he can come to some decision as to where to turn for help. Indeed, the last place in the world where the modern man seeks refuge or consolation is in the depths of his own soul. We know too well that our souls are empty, gutted, ruined structures. We would no more think of taking up residence within ourselves than we would of living in a haunted house.

Most people do not realize the real source of their terror. The fact is, however, that if you descend into the depths of your own spirit, of your own metaphysical actuality, and arrive somewhere near the centre of what you *are*, you are confronted with the inescapable truth that, at the very roots of your existence, you are in constant and immediate and inescapable contact with the infinite power of God Who is Pure Actuality and Whose creative and personal will keeps you, every moment, in existence. And this is the one thought that most men seem to be so anxious to avoid.

Strangely enough, modern philosophy has not altogether feared to confront the metaphysical emptiness which is the subjective centre of a soul that is spiritually lost. The cosmic despair of the existentialist has something of truth in it, because it is a reflection of the existentialist's own interior life. What is more, the darkness and the void which the existentialist apprehends within himself as a matter of experience is apt to be, in all truth, the experience of an absolutely unknown and transcendent and unfriendly God: the experience of the God Whom we cannot know because He has uttered against us the terrible judgement, 'Amen, I know you not.'

It is not surprising, therefore, that the existentialists have made such capital of the writings of a profoundly religious man, the Danish Protestant mystic Kierkegaard, for whom this cosmic anguish was a terrible reality. One feels that the existentialist who is absolutely honest and true to his own examination of himself is likely to find himself suddenly on the road to a conversion that will show him that the void, which he cannot exorcise by rationalization, can quickly become charged with an infinite meaning and reality, under the influence of that imponderable and mysterious power called grace.

Now it is the function of contemplation to penetrate this interior darkness and walk by faith upon the void of the abyss which is at the centre of all meaning.

Perhaps that sounds very esoteric and very frightening. It

should not. On the contrary, it should be very comforting, because it means that the contemplative life is founded on the simplest and most fundamental of all virtues: the theological virtue of faith.

What is contemplation? What is the contemplative life?

The broadest definition of contemplation is given by St. Thomas as the simple, comprehensive view of truth (*simplex intuitus veritatis*). It is the deep, penetrating view of a truth, embracing all its essentials in a glance, and resting in a profound absorption that savours all the meaning and reality of that truth, without discursive activity in the mind. In the strict sense, contemplation is a gaze that penetrates not just any truth, but the Truth of God as He is in Himself, as reason can never know Him, and as He is made manifest directly to us in the illumination of a divine gift which nature can do nothing to acquire.

The contemplative life is simply a life in which everything is ordered to the union of the mind and will with God in this perfect love of truth.

Contemplation is the fullness of the Christian life. It is the deep and supernatural and perfect experience of God, which we were all created to enjoy in heaven and which those who listen to God, on earth, and make the sacrifices which He asks of them, may taste even before they enter into heaven: *quaedam inchoatio vitae aeternae* (a certain beginning of eternal life—St. Thomas).

It may perhaps come as a secret disappointment to the modern non-Catholic to find out that contemplation is so completely and so traditionally Christian and that it is inseparably connected with the pursuit of spiritual perfection. Sanctity is no more popular today than it has been for the past five centuries. To the average secular human being, the odour of sanctity is scarcely more pleasant than the odour of mothballs or of old attics where things have been left to moulder and where the rats have made their nests. If being a contemplative involves at least trying to be a saint, they will have nothing to do with it. The reason for that is, principally, that they do not want to arrive at an insight into truth that is not acquired by their own powers—one to which they have to be raised by God's grace at the cost of an intense and uncompromising interior purification.

One suspects that half the people who are curious about contemplation today are looking for spiritual excitement and for experiences that will satisfy an innate, egotistic craving to be something more than the general run of men. That is perhaps one

reason why Oriental mysticism is still more popular with intellectuals than the mysticism of Christ and of Christian tradition. The Gospel has been preached to everybody, but very few people can tell you the distinction between the different varieties of Buddhism. Also, when all is said and done, the various mysticisms of the Orient offer the appearance of teaching an infallible method, a discipline which will put the most sublime contemplation within the reach of the man who can work out the secret of controlling muscles and nerve-reactions which are, in most men, involuntary and instinctive. If contemplation is arrived at by superhuman self-control and by a supreme and subtle and intense application of intellect and will, it offers, indeed, a considerable appeal to our appetite for self-glorification. In fact, to become a Yogi and to be able to commit moral and intellectual suicide whenever you please, without the necessity of actually *dying*, to be able to black out your mind by the incantation of half articulate charms and to enter into a state of annihilation in which absolutely nothing is known or hoped for or desired, in which all the faculties are inactive and the soul is as inert as if it were dead—all this may well appeal to certain minds as a refined and rather pleasant way of getting even with the world and with society, and with God Himself for that matter. It makes it possible for one to reply to all the wars, all the misery and degradation of our world, as well as to all its claims upon our conscience, with a huge ontological snub. It gives one the sense that one has told the whole universe to go and jump into a metaphorical lake. But, unfortunately, this is not supernatural contemplation. It is not the contemplative life, and it does nothing to perfect or to sanctify the soul of a man in the truly supernatural order; although without doubt the ascetics of the East, being probably, on an average, as sincere and honest as anyone dedicated to what he conceives to be an ideal can be, do sometimes achieve a certain natural perfection which is perfect enough to make many men in our civilization—religious people included—look rather silly.

The contemplative life necessarily implies asceticism and withdrawal, recollection, interior peace. To use the traditional Christian terms, it depends essentially on renunciation and self-sacrifice. It means 'giving up the world'. It means withdrawing at least morally, if not physically, from the confusion and unrest that prevail in a society dedicated to the cult of power and pleasure and wealth, not to mention cruelty, violence, degradation.

Since the contemplative life implies an uncompromising denial and rejection of all the values which most people in the world actually live by, it is generally called anti-social. That is manifestly false. The contemplative life, in the Christian sense, is essentially social. The chief nourishment and source of Christian contemplation is precisely the liturgy, which is a communal activity of worship, social by its very nature, centred upon certain social 'signs' or Sacraments, the chief of which, the Holy Eucharist, or the Body and Blood of Christ, is the *Sacramentum unitatis*, perfecting the union of all the faithful with one another and with God in one love and in the Mystical Body of Christ. Those who dedicate themselves by vow to the contemplative life in religious communities find themselves leading the most strictly communal and social kind of life it would be possible to imagine, and the last man who should be accepted in a contemplative monastery is a misanthrope! If you are anti-social by temperament, for pity's sake never enter a Trappist monastery: you will go crazy in ten minutes.

The final perfection and culmination of the contemplative life is the union of the saints with God in heaven, and no one who has read St. Augustine's *City of God* can question for an instant the social and communal character of the contemplative city of the blessed! An English Cistercian monk of the twelfth century, Baldwin of Canterbury, summed up the teaching of the Augustinian tradition on this point in his tract *De Vita Coenobitica* (On the Common Life), in which he started from the typically Pauline thesis that the contemplative life of men and angels is a participation in the inner, contemplative life of God Himself, One in Three Persons, and that, since the life of the Holy Trinity is essentially social, our contemplation will itself be more perfect in proportion as it enters more deeply into the communion which unites the Father and the Son in One Spirit. 'Where there is perfection of love there must be perfect sharing, perfect communion' (*ubi plena est dilectio, plena est communio*). Hence it is the function of the Christian, contemplative community on earth to imitate and reflect the perfect union of love and peace in heaven, where the elect unite in one canticle of wonder at the glory of the Truth Who has absorbed them all into His own tremendous Life. Contemplatives begin on earth to lead the life of that 'most joyous and happy society of the citizens of heaven living together in common' (*jucundissima et felicissima societas supernorum civium communiter viventium*). St. Bernard of Clairvaux makes the perfection of the most

perfect social virtue, fraternal charity, one of the normal and essential preparations for infused contemplation, in which the soul is united immediately to God. His basis is the principle laid down by St. John the Evangelist: 'He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not?' (I John 4. 20).

However, someone may argue that it seems to be an act of hatred rather than of love for men to withdraw into a contemplative community, or even to lead the contemplative life while remaining in the world, thus 'leaving society to its own devices' without 'doing anything positive' to help cure the evils which afflict it. This, too, is a fallacy. It ignores, first of all, the power of prayer and the influence of personal sanctity. Those who imagine that a contemplative monastery is, socially speaking, a useless luxury, implicitly (if not explicitly!) deny that prayer has any real influence in the life of the world and attach more importance to the efforts of men than to the intervention of God, when it comes to healing the wounds of which the society of our time is now nearly dead. But since ours has been an age of unparalleled activity, both religious and secular, and one in which every conceivable human effort and device has been brought to bear on the problems of our time, and with less and less success, it is surprising that even those who scorn the idea of prayer have not been tempted to consider that perhaps human wisdom and human good-will are not sufficient to save us from the hell our own five wits have created all around us! There is not much reason for arguing this point further. It is one that works itself out quite simply, as a matter of experience. It is becoming increasingly evident that the only men in the world who are really happy are the ones who know how to pray.

The power of prayer is not the only contribution a contemplative has to offer to society. There is something more. Contemplation, at its highest intensity, becomes a reservoir of spiritual vitality that pours itself out in the most telling social action. St. Thomas Aquinas holds that the only really effective teaching and preaching is that which flows from the fullness of contemplation: *ex plenitudine contemplationis derivatur* (*Summa Theologica*, II, IIae, q. 188, a. 6). But this does not mean that for St. Thomas contemplation is only a means to an end, and that it is ordered to something beyond itself, to social action. On the contrary, he asserts without equivocation that the contemplative life is by its very nature superior to the active life. Contemplation is the end of all human existence (*finis*

totius humanae vitae) and fulfils all the highest potencies of the soul in supreme vision and perfect love. The act of contemplation, to which the contemplative life is ordered, is proper to those who have reached the highest perfection (*proprium perfectorum*). Consequently, the contemplative life is not ordered to the service of action, but vice versa, action is ordered to contemplation. The contemplative life, as such, is better than the active life. *Vita contemplativa simpliciter est melior quam activa* (*Summa*, II, IIae, q. 182, a. 1). And therefore even the religious Orders whose vocation it is to bring truth to men by writing, teaching, preaching, by the study and dissemination of philosophy and theology, are, in the eyes of St. Thomas, to be much more than mere 'teaching orders'. They are, by their very nature and institution, contemplative. I would not dare to insist on this point unless two modern Dominicans, who may be taken as official spokesmen for the great Order of Friars Preachers which has played so brilliant a part in the revival of Catholic learning in our time, had not explicitly repeated this assertion in the clearest possible terms. Fr. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., flatly denies that 'the apostolic (i.e. preaching) life has apostolic action for its primary and principal end'. He denies that contemplation is merely a secondary end in such a life, and asserts that the 'apostolic life *tends principally to contemplation*'.¹ Fr. Joret, O.P.,² also tells us that the Friar Preacher does not apply himself to contemplation merely to store up material for his preaching and teaching, but that contemplation is, for him, 'a true end', to be sought 'for its own sake', and the highest of all ends on earth. He adds that contemplation, far from being a simple means to a more fruitful apostolate, is 'the summit of the apostolic life'.

The intensely fruitful intellectual activity that has marked the greatest ages of the Catholic Faith is something that needs hardly to be recalled to mind here. No one can possibly deny the immense social value of the works of the great doctors of the Church, the Fathers of the East and West, St. Cyril of Alexandria or St. Augustine of Hippo; the great scholastics, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure and the scholars, philosophers and theologians of later ages. But the greatness of the greatest of these, and the fruitfulness of their work, sprang principally from the fact that they were contemplatives and that their most cogent intuitions came to them not in study but in the high altitudes of contemplative prayer.

¹ *The Three Ages of the Interior Life*, Vol. II, pp. 491-2.

² *The Dominican Life*, pp. 82-3.

No one can sensibly assert, in view of all this, that the contemplative life is more emotional than intellectual and that it produces no fruit beyond the poetry that emanates from some personal experience that is essentially suspect because it cannot be checked by a psychologist, and which has to be relegated to the cloudy realms where religion associates with art and where nothing definite can be said about anything.

It is true that contemplation transcends the level of reason and of logical discourse. But, just as Christ came to fulfil the moral law, and not to destroy it, contemplation comes to *fulfil* the intellectual life of the philosopher or theologian, not to destroy it. Nevertheless, if theology and philosophy are to achieve the fulfilment that only contemplative prayer can give them, they must be prepared to relinquish their own characteristic method of procedure at least at the moment of contemplation. Human discourse, even at its most exalted level, crawls along the ground, when it is compared with the swift, dark, soaring flight of contemplation which pierces to the heart of truth like an arrow, transcending and surpassing all concepts and images that can be clearly grasped by the mind and losing itself in the blinding flash of an intuition that is dark through excess of light and obscures the mind at the moment of the most intense illumination. For the Gift of Understanding confounds all our faculties at the very peak of their fulfilment by a shaft of supernatural lightning. It is what St. John of the Cross called a 'ray of darkness' (*un rayo de tinieblas*), quoting the Pseudo-Areopagite. The Gifts of the Holy Ghost, especially those of Understanding and Wisdom, by which contemplation is brought to its full maturity in the soul of the believer, are themselves developments of the theological virtues of faith, hope and love, and all these three transcend reason and the natural virtues of man, operating on an entirely supernatural level in which, as far as we can experience, our own faculties seem at first to be helpless. In fact, it is this sense of helplessness that usually baffles and discourages those who refuse to allow God to draw them any further into the ways of contemplation. And it is this element in the writings of contemplatives that leads others to condemn them as anti-intellectual. However, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. John of the Cross, together with all the great Catholic mystics, teach quite rightly that it is only in contemplation, and under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, that the human intellect and the human will reach their highest perfection. And they do so in a way that is utterly unfamiliar to human

nature, for the light of contemplation and the fire of infused charity strike the intellect and will not from the outside, through the medium of sense images, like ordinary natural experience, but from within the very substance of the soul. And God illuminates the mind and draws the will to Himself by unifying them in the substance of the soul, in which they are rooted, and where our very being enters into immediate contact with Him Who is our Creator and Who sustains us every moment in existence.

Such, then, is the nature of contemplation. Far from being weird and esoteric, it is the traditional perfection and summit of the Christian life. Far from being anti-social, it is produced only in those souls that have begun to be absorbed in the infinite and uncreated Love Who is the only source of all social harmony and of justice and of peace. Far from being anti-intellectual, it is the only possible means by which the mind of man can be elevated to the vision of that infinite truth by which alone we can be satisfied.

This contemplation is not the work of men but the work of God. He will produce it in those whom His grace has first separated from the violence and greed and injustice and cruelty of the world, with all its noise and its shallow appeals to passion and its crass stupidity. He will produce it in the souls of men only as an answer to penance, renouncement and prayer. If we can muster up enough humility, by His grace, to make use of these three means, the world will be the scene of a tremendous religious revolution, and there will be peace. If not . . .

ORTEGA AND THE IDEA OF VITAL REASON

II

By JULIÁN MARÍAS

ORTEGA distinguishes between thought and knowledge, giving the two terms a rigorous meaning. His *Apuntes sobre el pensamiento: su teurgia y su demiurgia* (1941) contain, in a concise form, a new view of the problem implying a transformation of philosophy. Nothing human can be taken as something 'given' and 'natural', but must, in order to be understood, be derived from life. Everything that man truly *does*, he does because of something, and in view of something; it is, therefore, necessary to justify why man busies himself with, for example, knowing. This is one of the things man does, but it is not the primary thing; man cannot be defined by means of that dimension. The fundamental meaning of knowledge is 'knowing what to hold by'—not at all an intellectualist meaning; man always stands within a system of beliefs on which he leans in order to live, in which he 'is'. But it happens that those beliefs, sometimes, wholly or partially, fail; and man, as he ceases to be in them, has nowhere else to be, he does not know what to hold by, he does not, in short, know what to do; and since to live is to do some determinate thing, here and now, one thing and not another, and it obliges us to choose out of all the possibilities, one of them, man must do something in order to know once more what to hold by, and that something he does is to think. 'Thought', says Ortega, 'is everything we do, *be that what it may*, in order to emerge from the doubt into which we have fallen and to arrive once more at being in a state of certainty.'

But this (he adds) does not say what form of operation it is that man carries out when he thinks. These forms can be very different. It is not one only that man possesses once and for all, that is 'natural' to him, and that, therefore, he has, more or less perfectly, always exercised. The only thing a man always has is the *need* to think, be-

cause he is always, more or less, in some doubt. The ways of satisfying that need—of course, of trying to satisfy it, what we may call techniques, strategies or *methods* of thought—are, in principle, innumerable, but none is given to him as a present, none is an 'endowment' of which he, as a matter of course, finds himself possessed. Far from this being the case, he has to invent them as he goes along, and acquire skill in them, trying them out, essaying their possible fruitfulness, and always, in the end, coming up against their limitations.

Thought, in this way, is found to be defined not as a device, a faculty or an 'activity', but rather as a function of human life, demanded by the latter's very structure. Man is not a thinking being in the sense that he enjoys the capacity of thinking and uses it naturally, but only in the sense that he cannot live except by thinking, that *in order to live he has to think*, and this befalls him because he finds himself in a set of circumstances, shipwrecked in them, without having been consulted: in a life that is given him, but not given him ready made, but that he has to make in view of the concrete situation in which he finds himself. For the naturalist idea of thought as a mechanism which man possesses, that is as a brute 'fact', and as such, incomprehensible, Ortega substitutes the idea of thought as a doing and a making of man, defined by a 'because of' and an 'in view of', derived from life, rooted in it, and therefore comprehensible, because it is life which, in this way, 'accounts for' the thing we call thinking. And from this point of view, thought appears not only as a doing but as a vital necessity, as something that man has to do: as an inexorable task, to which man must devote himself, whether he will or no, whether he like it or no, whether he can or no, in order to be a man.

Whether he can or no? The thing is clear; it is not certain, far from it, that thought is possible; that is to say, that man really can find his bearings and attain to the knowledge of what to hold by; quite the contrary, it is always, in the last resort, a frustrated undertaking, and man never succeeds in evading uncertainty. But, above all, even granting the possibility in fact of that task that is thinking, its necessity is antecedent, and man must give himself up to it, without counting on its success, because he feels lost, and cannot live otherwise.

Now, this radical human fact that is thought has been pertinaciously muddled and put out of drawing by what Ortega calls 'the occultations of thought'. This phenomenon of occultation 'consists, simply, in that the being of the thing or, what is the same,

the "thing itself", the thing in its "selfness" becomes covered up by all "that has to do" with it but is not it'. Ortega calls this 'thought confounding', and draws our attention to the fact that for a long time—it was so in primitive times—thought has been positively confounding; that is to say, that its function was precisely that of identifying 'what has to do with', although when things are looked at from another perspective, it may be that thought has to function as a power of distinguishing. One of the occultations of thought is psychologism, which confounds it with the psychic functions exercised by man when he thinks; without them, of course, one would not be able to think, but they themselves are mere mechanisms of that *doing* in itself. A second occultation is logic, and it consists in a schematization. 'Logic supplants the infinite morphology of thought by a single one of its forms: *logical* thought, that is, the thought in which certain characteristics occur—maintaining identity with its own nature, avoiding contradiction and excluding a third term between the "true" and the "false".' Logicism has had serious consequences for Western history throughout twenty-five centuries; and as logical thought itself becomes problematic, it allows us today to see the other forms of thought, and that in which thought consists underneath the ideal distinction between logicity and illogicity. The third and most profound occultation of thought is the one which identifies it with knowledge. In what does it consist?

Knowledge is, in fact, one of the methods man employs to know what to hold by, that is, it is one of the modes of thought, but only one.

It consists in attempting to solve the vital mystery formally calling the mental mechanisms into play under the ultimate direction of concepts and of their combination by means of reasoning. It is surprising that so constantly and so easily it should have been considered obvious that man has been and is always disposed to engage in this precise form of activity, in that most peculiar doing that constitutes knowing. The most superficial reflexion shows us that to set to work on such a thing implies certain presuppositions and that only when these are present does man find himself ready to devote himself to knowing. There are, in fact, two presuppositions: the belief that behind the apparent confusion, behind the chaos that, for the time being, reality is for us, is hidden a fixed stable form on which all its variations depend, so that, in discovering it, we know what to hold by in regard to what surrounds us. That stable, fixed form of the real is what, since Greece, we have called *being*. Knowledge is the discovery of the being of things, in this strict meaning of

'stable and fixed form'. The other implication, without which to engage in knowing would be an absurdity, is the belief that that *being* of things possesses consistency akin to the human endowment we call 'intelligence'. Only so is there any sense in our expecting, by means of the functioning of this last, to penetrate reality, until we uncover its latent being.

This, however, has an unforeseen result:

He who engages in knowledge already presupposes or postulates beforehand with deep-rooted conviction that there is a *being* and for that reason he goes in search to see whether it is thus or thus. But in that case it turns out that knowledge, before beginning, is already a perfectly determined opinion concerning things, namely, that they have a *being*. And as this opinion is anterior to all reason or proof and the presupposition of all reason and proof, it means that it is simply a belief, and as such, in no way different from religious faith.

Now, that belief also is not a thing that man has as a matter of course and naturally, but rather one which he has reached in virtue of certain experiences, failures and gropings; knowledge in this, its strict meaning, is an historical form of human life, conditioned by a foreknowing situation that makes it at once possible and comprehensible.

This alters the view we must take of each philosophy and even of philosophy as a whole in so far as it is philosophy.

Every deliberate and explicit philosophy (says Ortega) moves in the track of a pre-philosophy or conviction that remains unspoken, so sheerly is it, for the individual, 'reality itself'. Only after that 'pre-philosophy', that is, that rooted and unreasoned belief, has been elucidated, do the limitations of formulated philosophies become clear.

The problem resides, of course, in the relations of the philosophy with its pre-philosophy. For if the latter remains in a penumbra, and is unreasoned, the philosophy itself will be affected by a lack of rootedness; that is to say, it is never quite philosophy. And this it is that, traditionally, has been the case: the different philosophies of the past have had in common, despite their enormous differences, the fact that they take for granted that anterior vital situation which made them possible and justified them.

I understand by a naïve or unjustified philosophy (writes Ortega) any that leaves outside its body of doctrine the motives which lead

to itself, that is, that does not regard as a constitutive portion of the philosophy itself all that has induced man to bring forth that philosophical creation. We are about to see, in this study, how every philosophy has begun abruptly, being a series of theses upon reality or the principles of truth, without it being known, *philosophically*, why, absolutely, it is necessary to enunciate theses upon reality or upon truth.

Is this allowable? Particular sciences, it is true, leave out of their body of doctrine, their 'presuppositions' and, at the same time, their justification; but they lack thereby the character of *necessity* with which philosophy is presented, and which it draws (this should be carefully observed) from the radical situation whence it springs, not from any formal character it may possess as a discipline; and that necessity is not, therefore, absolute and final, but exists only for the man who finds himself in that situation or in that repertory of situations; and this, in its turn, reveals that man has not always had to make a philosophy and perhaps will not always have to go on making philosophies. Now, so long as and in so far as there is a philosophy, it has to give an account of itself.

When (says Ortega), as is the case with philosophy, the occupation claims to concern itself with the universe and not to omit anything essential, there is no room for the justification to be organically placed other than in the body of philosophical doctrine itself, as one of its constitutive members. . . . The justification I demand will only exist when from it are derived, as from a principle, the ideas which constitute the philosophical system itself. Or, cast this in its turn in the form of a thesis: the justification of philosophy is its first principle. All that induces man to philosophize forms a part, doctrinally, of the philosophical theory itself.

The example, quoted earlier, of Locke sufficiently illustrates the meaning of these statements.

Philosophy seeks a radical certainty, that is to say, a primary and plenary certainty; one, moreover, in which all other certainties are rooted. It cannot presuppose the pressure of other arguments or truths, but must, on the contrary, be *autonomous*; it must be an argument that shall definitely justify and lay the foundations of all the other truths, that is, it must be *universal*. And if, in this way, it is differentiated from the sciences, which are particular and not autonomous, on the other hand, it is differentiated from religion, which is a given, revealed certainty, not made by man; in the third place, it is differentiated from art, or the 'experience of

life', for the arts, though they have a certain universality and are formed within man, do not hold together in proof, nor justify themselves.

But at this point, finally, must be asked the question: How can philosophy give an account of itself? Let us not forget that it is necessary to include in the body of doctrine itself of the philosophy what it is that forces man to make philosophies, what justifies it and makes it necessary, and this, not abstractly but circumstantially. Now what obliges man to make a philosophy is his concrete life, as a root reality prior to all theory. So it is necessary to account for life itself, and in this consists vital reason which is the *radical* method of philosophy, because it places us in contact with reality *itself*, beyond all interpretations, at whose genesis, rather, it is present. And the concrete form of vital reason is historic reason, because all life in its very substance is historical, is made of a given historical time, defined by its situation at a certain 'level of the times'. What man does—the pursuit of philosophy, for example—possesses full meaning only when seen as a task imposed by the series of experiences, failures, and gropings in which, precisely, history consists. The philosophy of historic and vital reason, therefore, is philosophy in a new sense, and demands a much greater rootedness than that hitherto in use.

III. THE PROBLEMS OF COLLECTIVE LIFE

So far, I have expounded, in its greatest simplicity and, so to say, in a single mental movement, the central nucleus of Ortega's metaphysical thought, the discovery whose amplification into an articulated explicit expression constitutes the content of his philosophy. But this view would become essentially incomplete—and therefore erroneous—if the social dimension of human life were not borne in mind, the study of which is one of the most substantive sections of the orteguian achievement. And, at the same time, its consideration will serve as an example of how the totality of Ortega's ideas springs from the metaphysical doctrine we have just studied.

Human life is always individual: mine, yours, that man's or that woman's; but that same life is, in an essential dimension, a reality which goes beyond the individual; and this it does in several ways which it is necessary to note down. In the first place,

I find myself with other men who form part of my circumstances, but not in the same way as things, for they are in turn centres of other lives in which I play the part of a circumstantial ingredient. To live is to live together. And even where a man is alone, this is itself understood as being *alone from others*; living together is anterior to its two fundamental modes: presence and absence. In the individual life as such, therefore, is to be found the radical fact of living together.

But this is not enough; in what has been said so far, one does not go beyond the individual life; there is so far no trace of what we may strictly call *society*, that is to say 'collective life'. Sociology has always ignored a decisive distinction, without which it can scarcely take a step, but on the contrary, gets entangled from the outset in inextricable difficulties: that which Ortega establishes between the *interindividual* and the *social*. Living together, in the strict sense, is of individuals as such; love, friendship presuppose the living together of *several* individuals who do not, however, on that account, cease to be individuals; their relations take place in the strict area of individual life; those activities are mine, I carry them out, because of something and in view of something, I understand them, I am responsible for them. In society, on the other hand, I find myself in relationship with other men, but not in so far as we are given individuals, but apart from our individuality, in so far as we are 'anyone'.

The social relationship *sensu stricto* is that in which men play their part impersonally, apart from their concrete individuality; it is not *I* in the face of a personal *you*, but *the* pedestrian, *the* guard, *the* postman, *the* addressee, *the* judge, *the* accused. And the social fact is manifest primarily in the fact of *customs*. What are customs? They are what *is done*, what *is believed*, what *is said*. Who does, believes or says that in which custom consists? Everyone, anyone; no one in particular; not *man*—no man in the concrete—but *people*. Customs are imposed on each man. These customs have no 'meaning', and in any case, if they have meaning, it is not because of meaning that they are observed, but only because they are in force; they are often unintelligible, perhaps monstrous. The action a man carries out in virtue of a custom is not properly his own, chosen by him, an action with which he feels himself in a relationship of solidarity and for which he is responsible; it is not something he does because he considers it right or because he wants to, but rather because that is what is done, and society brings re-

prisals upon the man who fails to observe the customs in force; it must be clearly understood that this is so even though each and every one of the individuals who make up society thinks that the custom in question is of no interest, or even that it is absurd. It is no one in particular who imposes the custom, but rather is it that that tremendous reality, society, makes its presence felt in that impersonal imposition on each individual. These customs have a triple function: in the first place they are frameworks of behaviour and allow us to foresee the conduct of men unknown to us, by which means living together with them in so far as they are strange to us is made possible; in the second place they signify a social inheritance from the past, which imposes itself upon man, and places him at the level of the times, so that man is progress and history; lastly custom renders automatic a great tract of life, which is a constraining but at the same time a liberating thing: in having that portion of his life settled socially, man is ready to be personal and original in other, decisive, zones.

On the other hand, the fact that our individual life should already, in one of its constitutive dimensions, be social, reveals that society is not consequent upon a 'prior' existence of individuals as such; that is to say, society in its full and authentic sense is not an *association*, and the link whereby men belong to it is not a voluntary act.

Nevertheless, this is not enough. Ortega notes that the very name 'society' is ambiguous and utopian. It is said that society exists or men live together because man is sociable, has social impulses; now, a sociology founded on truth has to record with no less energy and *giving the new fact the same value as the old* that men are also unsociable, full of anti-social impulses. The permanent tragedy of human living together is that it is not properly a society—that is to say a social or sociable state—but rather the struggle *society-dissociation*, an unstable reality, a conation or effort towards a society, or else a decomposition of a pre-existing society, never a society, stable and in being.

Society, it should be noted, is as constitutively the place of sociability as it is of the most atrocious unsociability, and criminality is not less normal therein than beneficence. The most it has been possible to attain to is that the major powers of crime should be transitorily subjugated, restrained, in reality, only hidden in the subsoil of the social body, ever ready to break out again *out of the depths*. Nor let it be said therefore that society is the triumph of social forces

over anti-social forces. Such a triumph has never been. What there is, the only thing there is to be seen, is the permanent struggle between those two powers and the vicissitudes proper to every contest.

Society does not regulate itself spontaneously, as Liberalism thought, but only as a result of the task of imposing order on the anti-social section of society and that 'sad task', for many reasons terrible but unavoidable, is called *power*, and is carried out by the State. 'Now: power and, therefore, the State are always, in the last resort, violence, less at times of quiet, immense during social crises.'

The so-called societies are impossible without the exercise of power, without the energy of the State, but that exercise implying at the same time violence and other, worse things, too long to enumerate, 'All share in power is radically degrading', as Auguste Comte, *whose politics were authoritarian*, said in an invaluable formula, uttered in passing, in an unlikely place; one which, as I believe, has not been sufficiently taken into account. What can that reality which we call society be, in God's name, when, in order to exist, it requires to consume even its most positively social forces (and in accepting the task they give proof of their high sense of responsibility) in the exercise of a degrading operation? To observe this very elementary and radical fact is a prolegomenon to every future sociology.

That form of human reality constituted by collective life, by society, possesses a very definite structure. Concretely, a society is defined by the reciprocal action of a mass and of a minority. The select minority, the *élite*, is the directing nucleus, foreseeing the future and guiding the social body; but it is understood that the minority is the minority *of a mass*, that is to say that its function is defined by its relationship with the mass, and its action is a service rendered to the mass; but, of course, that service consists in governing and guiding it, in proposing to it a programme or project of collective life. All this is what the mass, as such, is incapable of doing; and when the mass loses its awareness of its necessary function, inherent in the very structure of *any* society, and aims, as a mass, at governing, that phenomenon is produced defined by Ortega as *the rebellion of the masses*—the cardinal disease of our time. The mass-man (who is found in every social class) has no life plan of his own; he makes no demands upon himself; his life is pure inertia and drift; he thinks he has only rights and no duties; he makes use of a culture that he has not made and does not understand, with no realization of the multiple efforts it has required nor

of its unstable, problematic nature; his psychology is that of the 'spoilt child', or, if the phrase is preferred, that of the 'self-satisfied *señorito*'.¹ As against the mass-man, the man of the *élite* is defined by opposite attributes; for him, to live is to make demands on oneself, it is to be more, to be better; he is noble in the sense in which we say *noblesse oblige*.

For me (writes Ortega) nobility is a synonym of a life of effort, ever set to excel itself, to go beyond what it already is towards what it proposes as a duty and a demand. Thus, the noble life is contrasted with the vulgar and inert life, which draws statically in upon itself, condemned to perpetual self-enclosure, until some external force obliges it to emerge from itself. Herein is the reason we call this mode of being a man 'mass', not so much because it is multitudinous as because it is inert.

If, now, we come down from the structure of any society to that of the concrete social unities in which we now live, and which are called nations, we find that a nation is definable, provisionally and essentially, as an *undertaking*, a common plan or destiny. A nation does not consist in the unity of the static elements or ingredients of society: land, language, race, religion; there is often no nation when there is unity in these things, whilst often without them there is a nation. The nation is a social reality, therefore historic, that is, dynamic.

In every authentic incorporation, force has an adjectival character. The truly substantial potency which impels and nourishes the process is always a national dogma, *an attractive plan of life in common*. Let us repudiate every static interpretation of national living together and let us be able to understand it dynamically. People do not live together as a matter of course and by accident; that *a priori* cohesion exists only in the family. The groups that make up a State live together in view of something: they are a community of proposals, of desires, of large-scale utilities. They do not live together *for the sake of being together* but *in order to do something together*.

And he adds, to take the greatest example in history: 'The day on which Rome stopped being this plan of things to be done upon the morrow, the Empire fell apart.' The British Empire has been able to maintain its cohesion in the measure in which it has suc-

¹ *Señorito*, the servant's style of address for a boy or youth, also signifies the type of idle, wealthy young men who look on the world as their preserve, and consume without putting anything back; it has bitter political connotations.

ceeded in interesting the peoples who comprise it—over which England for a long time past has not exercised any effective coercive domination—in a plan for life in common, and its future fate depends upon its capacity to propose to its members a stimulating form of collective life. Hence, those who thought that a military threat would make the Commonwealth crumble made a mistake. There is a greater danger for it implied in discouragement, in the loosening of its vital springs, in the diminution of effort, the lowering of inventive capacity; in, that is to say, a crisis of the *imagination* and a predominance of the mass-man.

Human life has ever before it two possibilities; authenticity and inauthenticity or falsification. So that in the measure in which individual life has a collective component, its degree of authenticity is conditioned by the possibility of the collective life being authentic too; that is to say, of there being a system of beliefs in force, within which man may live. When this is lacking—as is the case at present—people subscribe falsely and in a hollow way to something in which they do not really believe, and what is lacking in sincerity is made up for by ‘decision’ and extremism. So it is that there are epochs in which authentic life is only possible in the form of withdrawal, as a return inwards to the deeper, more intimate levels of life, in the form of a suspension of life in all those dimensions of it in which authenticity is impossible, in order painfully to reconstruct by means of a tense effort—for oneself and for others—an open horizon. In 1933, in an aside during a lecture, Ortega said to his listeners at his course in the University of Madrid, *En torno a Galileo* (*‘à Propos of Galileo’*):

There is no doubt that the word ‘be ye converted’ or, as I prefer to say, ‘Turn in upon yourselves’, seek your true self, is the one that once more, today, it is necessary to say to men—especially to the young men. It is only too probable that the generation listening to me now will let itself be carried away like its predecessors here and in other countries by the empty gale of some extremism, that is, by something false in its very substance. Those generations and, I fear, yours with them, asked to be deceived—they were not ready to yield except to something false. And, in the tranquillity of this lecture room revealing a secret, I will tell you that to that fear is due to a large extent my paralysis in departments of life outside the university and of the world of learning. I am not unaware that I might have almost the whole of Spanish youth behind me as one man within twenty-four hours, if I were to say but one word. But that word would be a falsehood, and I am not prepared to ask you to

falsify your lives. I know and, within a few years, you will know that all the movements characteristic of the present time are historically false and are heading for a fearful collapse. There was a time when to reject extremism inevitably supposed that one was a conservative. But today it can clearly be seen that it is no longer so, because extremism has revealed itself indifferently as advanced or as reactionary. My rejection of it does not proceed from my being a conservative, for I am not one, but rather from the fact that I have discovered in it a vital, substantial fraud.

Now, one of the decisive reasons why the public life of the European countries, and especially their politics, has been false for several years past is that the national structure of the States no longer corresponds to the social reality underlying it. In other words, the effective historico-social unities are no longer the nations, and so far, there are no other unities expressing authentic reality politically and in an organization of the states with which to replace them. What is this authentic reality?

Hardly had the nations of the West filled out their present shape when around them, beneath them, like a background to them, arose Europe. . . . If today we were to strike the balance of our mental contents—opinions, standards, desires, assumptions—we should observe that the greater part of it all does not reach the Frenchman from his France, nor the Spaniard from his Spain, but rather from the common European fund . . . four-fifths of their private wealth is unappropriated European property. No one can descry anything worth while that we who live at this side of the planet can *do* if it is not to carry out the promise signified in the word Europe for the last four centuries. . . . I now sum up the thesis of this essay [*The Revolt of the Masses*]. The world today is being gravely demoralized; this is manifested by, among other symptoms, a large-scale rebellion of the masses, and it has its origin in the demoralization of Europe. The causes of this last are manifold; one of the chief is the displacement of the power which formerly our continent exercised over the rest of the world and over itself. Europe is not sure of governing nor the rest of the world of being governed. Historic sovereignty is in a state of dispersal. . . . Europeans are unable to live if they are not launched out on a great unifying enterprise. When it is lacking, they become debased, they become slack, their soul becomes disjointed. A beginning of this is before our eyes now. The circles which till now have been called nations reached their greatest expansion a century ago, or a little less. There is no more to be done with them except transcend them. . . . Only the resolve to build a great nation with the group of continental peoples would once more quicken the pulse of Europe. She would once more believe in herself and, automatically to make demands on herself, to discipline herself. But the situa-

tion is much more dangerous than is generally realized. The years are passing and there is a risk that the European may become used to this minor key existence he now leads, and to not governing nor being governed. In which case all his superior virtues and capacities would evaporate.

And in connexion with the danger of Europe's becoming enthusiastic for communism, not as such, but as a great historic undertaking, Ortega continued in 1929:

It would be too base that anti-communism should place all its hope in the material difficulties met with by its adversary. In that case, the failure of communism would be equivalent to universal defeat: the defeat of everyone and of everything, of present-day man. Communism is an extravagant 'morality'—it is something like a morality. Does it not seem more honourable and fruitful to oppose to that Slav morality a new morality of the West, the spur of a new programme of life?

We see how Ortega's sociological and political teaching is but a chapter of his metaphysic, an essential piece of the theory of human life. And far from remaining in the abstract, it has to come down to the very reality of our concrete life; because—let us not forget it—philosophy can only be radical certainty when it is capable of accounting for life itself in its historical concreteness. Hence, also, when I wrote an *Introducción a la filosofía* ('Introduction to Philosophy') 'according to vital reason' I had to extract the whole book out of its first chapter, in which an attempt is made to analyse schematically the situation in which European man finds himself in the mid-twentieth century.

IV. VITAL REASON AS POSSIBILITY

It is desirable to realize or represent to the mind with some precision what the *present-day* situation of philosophy is—the present day, not the yesterday of the immediate past with which it is easy to mistake it. Towards 1900—the date of Husserl's *Logische Untersuchungen*—the preparation is begun in Europe of a new philosophy that is to overcome the situation of philosophical absence in which the second half of the nineteenth century had lived. It was above all necessary to recover the very possibility of philosophy; it should be remembered that the whole of the first volume of the *Unter-*

suchungen had to be devoted to the criticism and overcoming of psychologism. Phenomenology was the creator of a new philosophical method and its fructifying action spread to every branch of thought. Little by little it reached its theoretic maturity: in 1913 came the first volume of Husserl's *Ideen* in which was expressed a coherent though incomplete precipitate of phenomenological doctrine. In the following years the theory of values is definitely built up, and for a brief space it looks as if that is going to be philosophy: 1916, Scheler's *Ethik*. Nevertheless, whilst individual phenomenological investigations multiply, it seems as if a halt has been called as regards the central problems of philosophy, and there is a pause in the publication of important books. The *Ideen* remain unfinished; Scheler fails to move on to metaphysics or to reach any systematization of his thought. In 1925 Ortega writes an article entitled *The High Tide of Philosophy* (*Pleamar filosófica*) in which, gathering up observations he had made during the preceding fifteen years, he forecasts the imminent approach of the rising tide of philosophy on the universal horizon. And he says positively: 'The speed of spiritual events is such at present that within a year the philosophical high tide will beat upon the dourest cliffs.' And indeed, in 1926, Hartmann's *Ethik* came out, and, in the same year, Scheler's *Die Wissensformen und die Gesellschaft* and, two years later, *Die Stellung des Menschen im Kosmos*; in 1927 came Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit*; in 1929 Husserl's most important book, his *Formale und transzendente Logik*, while at the same time he was giving the lectures in Paris published as *Méditations cartésiennes*; in 1932, after a long silence, came Bergson's last book: *Les deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion*. During the same years, investigations and marginal studies by these same thinkers and by others who were their close followers came out in profusion, so that they became a period of authentic splendour in philosophical output. What has happened since?

One may at once say: a significant cessation of that movement of philosophy, begun in so powerful a way, within its very initiators. Husserl's *Ideen* and Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit* have been left with their first volumes still awaiting continuation; the output of the second of these philosophers has been, since 1929, limited to brief pamphlets; as for the theory of values, it stands today for an outworn stage with respect to the essentials of philosophy, and in any case is of secondary importance. One must of course allow for the disturbing influence on intellectual life of the anomalous con-

dition of the world in the years since 1933, with an intensification of the reigning tension in 1936 and, lastly, the fierce historical trauma of the 1939-45 war, prolonged by the absence of peace which still seems remote. But if the multiplication, during the same years, of those interested in philosophy and of the truly unexpected bibliography of this discipline be borne in mind, there is room for thinking that there may be some *further*, philosophical, reason to explain that drying up of fundamentals and to reveal to us the shape of our situation at its deepest levels.

It is notorious that Husserl, despite attempts to reach a 'genetic phenomenology', cannot turn back from his basic assumption that reality is constituted in awareness of it, that is to say, that *awareness of* is absolute reality, which means that he does not succeed in escaping from idealism, and consequently is incapable of reaching an effective genesis of reason. When it is observed, as Ortega shows, that thinking is always a postulating activity, that it poses what is thought of as real and existing, the impossibility of the phenomenological reduction is realized, because this reduction is itself carried out in a new act, equally a postulating one, that is to say, is carried out not within awareness but *is made by life acting from without*. This, however, means that literally *there is no awareness*, that, far from being absolute reality, it is not reality, but an interpretation or theory, and that the real is my encounter, actual and effective, with the lived *something*, without any reduction or 'abstention' whatever: in life, which is the radical reality. So that phenomenology, to be fruitful, must surpass itself and go out beyond itself.

As regards Heidegger, it is worth noticing the fact that, despite his undoubted philosophical genius, his immense diffusion and the fact that in the first instance he influenced a country of so great a tradition and intellectual density as Germany, his fertility has been slight, and so far no philosophical school has been originated of the size and importance to be expected from the magnificent qualities Heidegger, as a thinker, possesses. It will be said that this is an argument *ad hominem*, but at this juncture of history—and of thought—it does not seem that this class of argument is to be disdained. If, then, we join this 'external' fact to the cessation already referred to, it is difficult not to establish a connexion between the two.

Lastly, if we glance at what *at the present moment* is to be seen in the philosophical panorama, the prospect is not encouraging. Strictly, and despite the multiplication of authors and books, lectures and reviews, excessive for the very 'minority' character the

authentic philosophical activity has always had, which brings home the fact that other interests and social forces are at work as well as philosophy, the philosophical horizon is fairly limited. And if we press matters, not the philosophical alone, but the whole horizon of knowledge in the strict meaning of the term.

In fact, almost the whole of what is being done in philosophy comes under the heading of what is usually called 'existentialism'. It is evident that this word, which once had some meaning, though never precise, now means hardly anything, and the most elementary mental hygiene recommends the avoidance of its use. The more balanced and responsible among its representatives are already beginning to defend themselves against it and to reject it. On another occasion I have said of that expression that one may repeat of it what Don Luis Mejía says, in Zorilla's play, of Doña Ana, his betrothed, seduced by Don Juan Tenorio: 'by your bold deed, you have made her impossible for yourself and me'. At this time of day, no one any longer knows what the word exactly means; it is a flag that flies over very different classes of goods, some of them in an advanced stage of decomposition; but it is clear that, in so far as it has any philosophical content, that whole complex of movements is nourished on the thought of Heidegger, frequently wrongly understood—for it is not easy and has usually fallen into hasty hands—with a curious insistence upon its most debatable parts, with, at the same time, a tendency to forget its most substantive and fertile aspects, and an understandable inclination to mingle water with the wine.

What is usually opposed to 'existentialism'—and it is already suggestive that its primary function should be *to be opposed*—is a thought, archaic in form, that may have made sense when there was no philosophy in Europe nor, strictly speaking, any resources at the time with which to produce it, which is characterized by its belief that in their essence, all the problems have already been resolved *a tergo*. Characterized, that is, by the inverse of the real nature of philosophy: the search for a radical certainty, because we do not know what to hold by with regard to reality, and we must know, in order to live. As a result of paying more regard to difference than to what is important, the fact that neo-Kantianism, English, American and Italian neo-Hegelianism, neo-Fichteanism and neo-Thomism are all contemporaneous has not been stressed. Philosophies, all of them, which were brought to birth in the second half of the last century, at a time of crisis in philosophical thought,

when philosophy had forgotten its own nature—its mental requisites and its own tradition; in the circumstances of that time, the only thing possible was to ransom that reality out of the past and recover the use of the thinking function, training it by the example of the great classics. And it is obvious that the fact that one or two of these movements, once its original mission had been accomplished, should survive socially is due to reasons essentially alien to philosophy.

If it is now asked why 'existentialism' moves in a closed horizon to the point of exhausting and, in fact, devitalizing the splendid, initial impulse it received from Heidegger, and why, at the same time, apart from it, there is no door to be found open towards the future, one must consider the following. Philosophy, for the greater part, remains today in the same state that has been described for the close of the nineteenth and the early years of the twentieth century, wherein reason and life appear to confront each other, and the only two possibilities were: a rationalism of abstract reason, that renounces the possibility of thinking human life and, therefore, substitutes for reality a scheme of reality, and an irrationalism that claims to know life and history, but renounces the concept and, therefore, the effective, rational apprehension of that reality. And it is clear that the 'same' situation is very different today from what it was fifty years ago: it is much more serious, for if, on the one hand, the primary reality of life and the impossibility of ignoring it are much more obvious, on the other hand, the unreal and utopian character of abstract logicism, *even as thought*, has been demonstrated.

Heidegger, trained in the rigorous intellectual discipline of the school of Husserl, is a great phenomenologist, and in so far as his methods are descriptive, his discoveries are of undoubted worth. The descriptive method, of which the most perfect form is phenomenology, is an acquisition for contemporary philosophy not to be relinquished. In another place (*Introducción a la Filosofía*, p. 162) I have written:

The consideration of reality directed to the discovery of its *radical* truth requires above all that that reality itself, stripped, by means of history, of its overlay of interpretation, should be *patent* for us; and its primary form of apprehension is purely *descriptive*. And if we wish to adhere with complete honesty and strictness to the demands of our own method, we shall have to beware of introducing any explanatory principle, or of establishing other connexions be-

tween the *data* described than such as may be imposed by the structure of reality itself. In other words: description can not exhaust or satisfy the demands of knowledge, because it does not suffice to supply me with the information as to what to hold by as regards reality; but everything that transcends the merely descriptive must be postulated by the requirements of the description itself; that is to say, the higher and more complex mental forms to which it will be necessary to attain must be *imposed* by the connexions, *descriptively evident*, between the ingredients of reality. In short, the movement of the mind must be forced upon it by the implications and the complications of the real, so that *theory* in this new sense shall be the necessary resultant of a strict and exhaustive attempt at pure *description*.

This, however, means that description, absolutely necessary, is not enough, and refers us to a higher form of knowledge that is *theory* or *reason*. Now, in Heidegger and, in general, in 'existentialism' there is no equivalent to the idea of vital reason and, consequently, its propensity to irrationalism, with the ultimate sterility that that implies, becomes daily more notorious. And within this current of philosophy, it is significant that it should be moving towards a choice between opposites which are daily more accentuated, to the point of suggesting a split into two irreconcilable tendencies: the return to *ontology* (Heidegger's theme is *der Sinn des Seins überhaupt* and man, in his philosophy, is defined through his 'understanding of being' or *Seinsverständnis*, neither derived nor, in the last result, justified) and the mere description, definitively irrational, of concrete 'existential' situations; and in Heidegger himself is to be observed, in the measure in which his work since *Sein und Zeit* becomes known, a greater propensity to irrationalism.

On the other hand, as against this, there begins to make itself felt a reason, the meaning of which is the formal negation of historicity; an absolutism of the understanding of which the ineluctable result is, precisely, relativism, in so far as, because it presupposes an 'absolute' reality, independent of the perspective, it finds itself obliged to substantivize a particular point of view, to erect it into an 'absolute' and to make time halt, or else to declare the 'falsity' of any truth conditioned by a situation and not involving a fictitious view *sub specie aeterni*.

* * *

On this intellectual horizon, the idea of vital reason offers a way open to the future. *Pure reason must yield its sway to vital reason*: so Ortega, in 1923, defined *the theme of our time*, the task of our epoch

which cannot be renounced and for which there is no substitute. Vital reason thus presents itself as the breaking through of that closed horizon to which I have just alluded; it means, simply, the authentic possibility of the human mind in the days in which we live.

It should be noted that the idea of vital reason, although the result of a strict metaphysical theory, is not in any way, as regards its content of reason, a matter of internal philosophical technique. Reason, in its full sense, is what puts us in intellectual touch with reality, with the transcendent; I have ventured to define it as *the apprehension of reality in its connexion*. Historic and vital reason is a higher mode of *understanding*; that is, of understanding everything that can be understood. Hence, in its widest terms, it signifies 'a reform of the intelligence'—a title, as of a programme, which Ortega gave to an article he wrote in 1923.

It is a question of a methodical historicising of knowledge, of deriving all concepts and forms of knowledge from that reality wherein they are rooted: human life in its historical concreteness. In this way a *narrative reason* is arrived at, in which, that which *gives an account* (recalling the *λόγον διδόναι* of Plato) is what has happened to man and what he has done because he has aimed at being in the future some certain thing. But it must not be forgotten that this narrative or history is possible in virtue of a scheme of human life, which, as such, is unreal and *a priori*: what Ortega calls an abstract theory of life or the *analytics of human life*. But this abstract analytics has this quality, that 'generic' concepts function therein as 'empty spaces' or *leere Stellen*, destined to acquire plenitude of meaning as they become converted into circumstance, as they are filled with concrete historic content.

So that vital reason is, in the full strength of the term, method; a road or a way, of course, towards reality. From it may be expected a making of contact with reality that is life, but not in order to plunge into a vague, dumb 'intuition', but in order to *give an account* of it, in strict concepts, understood as organs for apprehending it, not ghosts to substitute for it and supplant it. The crisis of knowledge in all its forms, especially in that of philosophy, offers itself to us as soluble in the only way in which that critical situation can have a *way out*: not as a renunciation and a giving up, but as a purification and a stricter and more exacting idea of what knowledge is. In this sense, vital reason offers itself as an essential possibility of our very life.

CHARLES WATERTON

By SHANE LESLIE

Charles Waterton: his Home, Habits and Handiwork. By Richard Hobson.

Essays on Natural History, with a Life by Norman Moore.

The English Eccentrics. By Edith Sitwell.

The Squire of Walton Hall. By Philip Gosse.

The Strange Life of Charles Waterton. By Richard Aldington.

Social Hours with Celebrities. By Mrs. Pitt Byrne.

THE day has come when something should be written about the perishing race of English Squires. Charles Waterton was known as 'the old Squire' and with Tatton Sykes became the most famous of the genus in Yorkshire. But Waterton was an exception amongst Squires. He was a pioneer in the jungle, a lover of birds, a first-class naturalist, a hermit and ascetic, but a 'fine old English Gentleman' throughout.

Had every county boasted Squires like Waterton their race would not have become as rare as the avifauna which Waterton deplored.

Squires and certain lovely birds have been decimated since his death in 1865. Chesterton has sung of the Squires sadly riding to the sea. Waterton himself lamented the ravens, ospreys, herons and kites which have passed from most of the English landscape.

There were still thousands of Squires in England to make country life flourish and to occupy the Stately Homes, which have become a jest of musical comedy. The variety in bird life has been terribly reduced until most observers must content themselves with the vulgarity of the sparrow and the communism of the rook.

Waterton's memory was chiefly preserved by his last and most adoring disciple, Norman Moore, who died only in 1922. Moore passed the personal savour, charm, and character of the old Squire to all his friends, including the writer. It was an unforgettable piece of English tradition. There were many facets to this veritable chip of the old block: a touch of sanctity, intrepidity of travel, an upholder of old rite and custom, the Faith of Merrie England and the supreme taxidermist of all time. 'Bird-stuffer' is no term for one who manipulated bird and beast into the imagery of life.

Unhappily the lighter and the deeper shades in Waterton have been obliterated by the recent writers who revel in his occasional absurdities as well as in a few practical jokes, such as climbing St. Peter's in Rome and leaving his gloves on the top of the lightning-conductor or standing on one leg on the Angel crowning the Castle of St. Angelo. These are the feats in which the alpine clubs of Oxford and Cambridge excel and exult.

The recent resurrection of Waterton has been spoilt by the flippancy of writers who conceive 'eccentric' and 'bigoted' as his main characteristics. Bigotry, his whole life and the friendship of so many Protestants denied. As for eccentricity, no word stung him more and no word did he more bitterly resent.

His 'bigotry' took the turn of Saints convinced of their own Faith and unwilling to suffer the foolish in controversy. His laughing irony and generous humour set him aside from the crowd of common disputants.

Englishmen can be proud of him in spite of his detractors, not merely because he claimed the blood of Saints. Proudly he informed Pope Pius VII that he was 'representative of a family which came into England with the Norman Conqueror, that it received repeated honours from the hand of Royalty in Catholic times, that it has preserved its ancient Faith unshaken to the present day and that my grandmother was the last of Sir Thomas More's family in a direct line'.

Under Richard II Sir Robert Waterton governed Pontefract Castle: hence his inclusion in England's *Libro d'Oro*, the Histories of Shakespeare. For this reason a First Folio of the Plays rested at Walton Hall. Norman Moore nobly refused this heirloom when pressed upon him by Edmund, son of Charles Waterton.

Watertons there were at Crecy and Agincourt and Marston Moor: and Watertons were killed in the First World War.

With the Great Divide in English religion the Watertons, like all remaining Catholics, found plenty of leisure and less incomes to practise the old ways.

Waterton's mother was a Bedingfeld of Oxburgh, a family which had produced Queen Elizabeth's jailor. She was once driving behind four horses in Yorkshire when an intolerant toll-collector refused passage, as such an equipage was against the law in Catholic hands. The old lady sent for four bullocks to take the horses' place and continued her drive to Leeds.

When England was being plagued (as she still is) by National

Debt and Free Trade, Waterton wrote a piece of Catholic apocrypha to Ord, his American friend: 'When Sir Thomas More was going to execution, he turned round and said to his attendants: "Gentlemen, you have now destroyed your monasteries and convents. The day will come when Trade will eat itself up in England."' "

Waterton lived to see Catholic Emancipation, but out of pride he refused the Magistracy and Deputy Lieutenantship of his County. Catholic manors had been reduced to hermitages and social dungeons. Deprived of work in the Services, the Catholic scions travelled or became quaint. Waterton did both. He preferred to travel in a freer world than to remain ossified at home. Many a fellow Squire, who never passed the white cliffs of Dover, showed more signs of eccentricity than much that is attributed to Waterton. His superhuman strength and daring lent emphasis to his feats.

Endowed with an iron constitution, which he curbed and sorely tested in every possible way, using the lancet and calomel to bleed and purge his body, he was mentally alert.

He was bred by the Jesuits of Stonyhurst to esteem the Classics. Latin, which he quoted on every occasion, was then the second language of the English public school men.

He travelled as a hobby and not as a scientist or professional naturalist. He was born, not educated, to his love of Nature. He could, of course, have joined other Catholic Squires who shot and hunted pending their return to the forbidden professions. But travel for him was the liberation of his soul and he set out to wander into the world as created.

It was a thousand pities he could not have accompanied Darwin on the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*. The two naturalists never met, but it is interesting that his disciple, Norman Moore, attended Darwin in his last illness. Moore's early ambitions had been towards biology.

How well the Jesuits had estimated him when they made him fox- and rat-trapper to his school. It was a wise Father who swore him to abstain from strong drink all his life. Otherwise he would never have survived his life as a planter and explorer in the tropics.

Making Natural History his 'favourite vocation', he was fortunate in his encouraging teachers. At Eton or Harrow in those days he would have met short shrift. He missed the University, as Degrees were still forbidden to any of the persuasion of Guido Fawkes.

No commission was available to a Catholic, so he set about his travels. He accounted countries by their birds. His first trip brought him to Spain, where he was thrilled by the size of the vultures, the swarming goldfinches, the migrant bee-eaters and once by a flight of flamingoes.

In Malaga his constitution survived an outbreak of the Black Plague. He was a man of a single drug and a single medical treatment, blood-letting, or in the phrase he borrowed from the pugilists—'tapping the claret'. He loved the queer phrase, and fasting he called 'putting a padlock on his grinders'.

Certainly he found blood-letting a sure wastepipe for the release of ague, fever and all disorders. Yet he went bareheaded in the sun and barefooted into the jungles.

To Guiana he went as a planter and survived the life, thanks to his abstinences. He avoided the gambling and dissipated life at Georgetown. Neither the Goddess of Chance nor Bacchus nor Venus collected tribute from this sturdy vagrant, whose *Wanderings* were to place him amongst England's hero travellers. He threw his energies into swamp and savanna as soon as he discovered a new world of birds. The scarlet ibis, white egret, boatbill heron, pelican, toucan and humming-birds offered him an earthly paradise.

Officials realized the value of a British citizen acquainted with the Spanish language and religion. He was given a Commission of Militia without involving him in what he considered anti-papal perjury. In 1808 he was sent with Admiral Collingwood's despatches to the Governor of the Orinoco. The Colonial Secretary at home received accounts of Waterton's utilities, for the Governor of Guiana recommended him as an ideal leader for an expedition. When he returned to London Lord Bathurst invited him in 1813 to explore Madagascar, which was as little known as the Poles.

Waterton realized that he was being offered 'a star of the first magnitude'. He felt that after three centuries his family was being recalled to the service of England. He was being entrusted to carry her flag into the unknown. With his magnificent strength and his sympathetic power upon natives he might have added that immense island to the British Empire. He might have figured in the History of Africa with Livingstone and Rhodes. The opportunity was reluctantly refused and unendingly regretted. Madagascar passed to other explorers and to another flag. Was it possible that a religious conscience superseded the patriotic motive? Norman Moore believed that it was his severe bouts of fever which caused

his refusal. At any rate Madagascar was the great turning point in his life, for he preferred to turn home and make Walton Hall the first and best of bird sanctuaries. The whole demesne was enclosed with a wall he claimed he had paid for with the wine he had not drunk. A Yorkshire Squire who took no port alone made him a portent among his fellows.

He continued his wanderings unto the fourth time in Guiana and began publishing his famous stories. It must be realized that religion was the supreme principle in his life. There can be no doubt that St. Francis Xavier was his ideal and that he had hoped to be the Apostle of Guiana himself. If he had a missionary vocation the Jesuits had not encouraged him. His celibacy would have lost yet another old family to Catholic England. In ardour and endurance, in knowledge of Spanish and the natives, he realized that he was of the stuff that Jesuit missionaries are made of.

He had traversed further than Raleigh into Guiana searching for the famous Lake Parima and the El Dorado on which the Elizabethan had staked his life. He had reached the Portuguese frontier, where he informed the Commander of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo and the defeat of their common enemy. In return the Commander informed him that during forty years no one had been able to tell him of a glimpse of the mysterious Lake.

He was more successful in discovering the famous drug with which the Indians poisoned their arrows and shot their game. The Jesuits had discovered Quinine, or Jesuits' Bark, and Waterton always felt he was following in their steps. Canoeing into unknown country in the face of thunderstorms and malaria, he procured the famous drug, a clear gain for science. Amongst other experiments with the drug which he made in England he poisoned a donkey, which collapsed, duly recovered, and lived happily ever afterwards as *Wouralia*, named after the poison.

Natural History was always secondary to Waterton's interest in the religious state of countries he visited. Hence the most heartfelt letter he wrote to Pope Pius VII deploring the carelessness of the clergy and the absence of the Jesuits whose battles he took up in Rome. Yet no biographer has found or quoted this passionate document, to present which he visited Rome in 1817 after his second wandering:

... I was told that the destruction of the Jesuits was the cause of this sad and general falling off. The mandate for their dissolution, like an earthquake, had shaken education to its very centre. ... If

the shepherds forget themselves who can blame the flock for straying. . . . I had more than once to wait half an hour for Mass till the priest had finished his game at Backgammon.

Amid the ruins of the Jesuit Colleges he meditated :

How often have I wished to have had all the Kings of Europe with me, in order to convince them by proof beyond all doubt, what a complete and fatal victory false philosophy and infidelity have gained over them.

Waterton failed of a Papal audience and this has been attributed to his escapade in climbing St. Peter's or to his refusal to wear black clothes. It may have been due to his fearless complaints against the Guiana clergy as well as to his condemnation of what had been the Papal policy towards the long-suffering Jesuits. At heart Waterton was one of the Order. He was not afraid of dizziness on the pinnacles of the Temple and was unafraid to tell the Pope the truth.

How does this secret vocation reconcile itself with his marriage? Chastity and austerity were part of his life, but suddenly and at four in the morning he married Anne Mary Edmonstone at her Convent in Bruges. She was sweet seventeen and he was thirty-seven.

He had been domiciled with the Edmonstones in Demerara and according to Mrs. Pitt Byrne had asked for her hand at her christening. If at the back of his mind he still hoped to be a Jesuit, he felt no hurry to marry.

When he gave up his hopes of a vocation he married and saved the line of his descent. He was up with the birds that early morn of his marriage and their honeymoon was diversified by visits to museums in Belgium.

It was a marriage he had prearranged and his bride more than knew what her master was like. He set about it in his usual practical way. A letter to Charles Edmonstone¹ two years previously mentioned that 'Robert informed me he had commissioned a friend to arrange the business with you. I shall be rejoiced to hear that everything is settled to your liking. . . .'

The understanding with the Edmonstones was that the girls should be brought up Catholics, in which case he would always prove a protector.

Mr. Aldington's conjecture is unworthy that as guardian of the

¹ Letter dated 'Walton Hall, Jan'y. 17, 1727.' Among the Waterton letters of Sir Alan Moore, Bt.

three he married one for respectability. He goes so far as to suggest that they tossed up as to which should be sacrificed! As a matter of fact there was no need of a guardian as Mr. Edmonstone lived until 1827. Nor did the Squire give 'anxious moments of Water-tonian thought' to the fear of shocking proprieties by bringing three marriageable girls to Walton Hall.

He married Anne, brought her home, but, alas, to see her die after childbirth within the year. Like the widowed swan he never took another mate, but he brought Eliza, the elder sister, and later Helen, to look after his son Edmund. It was thenceforth that his life became penitential. He may have realized that his wife's puerperal fever may have come from his fingers stained by his labours in the laboratory.

But only deep love could have left so deep a sorrow. On his mantel was a picture of St. Catherine of Alexandria bearing some resemblance to Anne. 'When he sat with his eyes fixed upon it, those who were nearest to him knew what was in his thoughts,' recorded Norman Moore with the delicacy of one who had shared them in later years.

Anne's death left him free to join a religious Order, but he was settled into his Walton life. His wanderings were over and he felt much as the Irish abbot who had introduced animals into his community. He was bound to them for life and who would protect them in his absence? So he stayed living as a monk in their midst.

Norman Moore described the routine of which he was a witness. He retired early to a plank bed and an oaken pillow, sleeping under a cloak. At midnight he visited the Chapel, rose again at three, spent an hour in prayer after four, returning to read a chapter of St. Francis Xavier's Life in Spanish. Breakfast was of the lightest. Every hour was devoted to the estate, watching birds or entertaining picnic parties—even lunatics were welcome.

His fasting was too strict for his age, as after Lent he was liable to suffer by partaking of normal food. Even so, his wonderful constitution, his 'brother ass', bore him bravely to the grave. 'Mad' and 'gluttonous' are strange epithets given to a man whose sheer common sense and asceticism combined to make him the pioneer of travellers where few have travelled since, even with appliances Waterton never knew.

He was possessed, said Sydney Smith, 'with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly'. He had no use for the clubs of St. James or the dinners of Mayfair.

His contempt for overeating is shewn in his comparison of a vulture's effluvia to the results of dissecting a citizen after a Lord Mayor's dinner! A touch worthy of Sydney Smith himself. He ate less than a labourer and accomplished a half day of work and prayer before the fine gentry of England were out of their beds.

He was the old-fashioned Squire who never turned the poor away. Generously he relieved even those who had expressed enmity toward him. He gave in secret and was pleased when criticized for not subscribing to charities which he had already benefited. He recalled that there were no poor-rates before the Reformation since the doles given at the religious Houses were sufficient.

Set this against the epithets cast upon him as 'a notorious character', such as 'egotistic, opinionated, aggressive, intolerant', none of which he deserved in the tradition of those who knew and loved him.

A Squirearchy endowed with some of Waterton's whims would have brought variety into their ranks and perhaps a race of Watertons would still be holding their diminished demesnes. The Squire often rode down to the sea, but ever he returned to die and be buried in the Sanctuary he had made for what was a true word: his feathered friends.

He would have been forgotten had he not recorded his *Wanderings* and his many essays on Natural History, to which Norman Moore prefaced the first and most successful *Life*.

With these in hand the true Watertonian can see that gallant life shewn steadily and whole, while anecdote and jest and phantasy fall into their proper place.

Once his religious ambition was realized, his delight in Nature followed. Few Englishmen were so joyously prepared to view the American forests and multicoloured hosts of birds. In watching them he praised their Creator after his manner.

He had no pretence of being a scientific collector. He hated the Latinisms of the catalogues, he who loved Latin like birds in their free and untortured state.

He rejoiced in colour and began collecting skins of the most vivid birds. For this reason cocks predominate over hens in his Museum. One rare humming-bird he handed to a more scientific collector when he saw him stand 'riveted to the spot as he examined it'.

Yet he knew all a collector's anxiety and anguish. A specimen of the Phaeton or Tropic bird he had desired vainly. Shooting one

by chance from the ship returning home, he called out: 'A guinea for him who will fetch the bird.' A Danish sailor promptly risked his life to retrieve the bird and was himself rescued.

When he returned for the third time to Georgetown he found the Edmonstone home in ruins but 'an habitation for owls and ostriches' quite fitted his ideas. The owls and snakes retired before him but the vampires remained. He found them good company, but he was disappointed when the 'nocturnal surgeons' declined to suck blood from the foot he exposed for their benefit. He really wished to be vamped in the original sense.

His real friendship was reserved for the sloth, whose piteous topsy-turvy life he was the first to describe, doomed to hang from the treetops or from the back of a chair when kept as a pet in his bedroom.

These unusual Nature notes roused much indignation from the race of 'closet naturalists', but the witty Sydney Smith came to his rescue, summarizing the sloth passing his life in suspense as 'like a young clergyman distantly related to a Bishop'.

Waterton's great courage was shewn in his power to capture snakes, using his powerful hands to secure undamaged specimens. He believed snakes only attacked in self-defence or when disturbed. He therefore snatched and held the eight-foot poisonous *Labarri*; and on another occasion made a *Labarri* sting itself to prove it was 'impervious to its own venom'. No one has had need to repeat either experiment.

Once he was called from reading Horace to view a giant python strong enough to crush a man. He attacked it in its sleep, pinning the neck with a lance which a negro held tightly while he grappled with the lashing tail. The monster was bagged and spent the night with Waterton, who found it 'very restless and fretful, and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bed-chamber that night'. No one will dispute his words.

But what courage was needed! He recalled that his heart, in spite of all he could do, beat quicker than usual. He felt like a sailor preparing for action under the approach of a strange vessel.

He secured his snakes undamaged for the sake of scientific dissection.

In later years he was given the chance to show his domination over snakes during some experiments at Leeds with a cargo of live rattlesnakes. The scene was long remembered by the medical men

who assembled to watch Waterton snatch snake after snake and apply their bite to rabbit and guinea-pig until one threatened to escape. Dr. Hobson, who tells the story, closed the lid on the half-emerging reptile, which Waterton coolly seized and replaced. Meantime the doctors all fled in terror down the stairs or even hatless into the street. The scene was engraved in gilt on the cover of Hobson's rare volume about the Squire. Needless to say, Hobson's choice in standing beside his friend is carefully portrayed amid the scampering medicos.

The adventure causing most ridicule was his famous capture of a cayman by riding. Half a century ago De Rougemont caused general scorn by his claims to have ridden a giant turtle in the South Seas.

With a team of natives Waterton hooked a cayman on a night line, and while they pulled the rope he vaulted on the monster's back, and twisting the forelegs into a bridle rode the bronco of the waters to shore: 'the first ever captured undamaged and alive in history'. Had the rope broken 'that would have been more perilous than Arion's marine ride'.

Otherwise he modestly described his feat as one 'which any old lady minus her crinoline might have easily done'. It was the risk which had nerved him, but the criticism of the closet naturalists never died down.

North America attracted him from the moment he saw Wilson's *Ornithology of the United States*. There were two superb bird-painters at the time in America, and readers must choose between a Wilson and an Audubon as they must between Dickens and Thackeray. Waterton did not choose Audubon, whom he considered a charlatan, a painter, and not a naturalist. That has not prevented the name of Audubon becoming in America what Waterton's should have become in Europe: patron of the Bird Sanctuaries and Societies.

Reaching the United States in 1824, Waterton expected 'bears, brutes, buffalos'. He was charmed and captivated by the Americans and gave the lie to the brutal book which Mrs. Trollope published at the time. He found the ladies 'polished' and the men 'nothing haughty or forbidding'. Only the accident of an ankle sprain prevented him dancing off with a fair daughter of Albany. The ankle was typically cured by being placed under Niagara's icy cascades. He was human enough to delight in the manner of hats worn by American ladies compared to the English style: 'How would Canova's Venus look in a mob cap?' he suggested: and

recommended that English milliners should visit America instead of Paris!

To his American friends he wrote: 'Keep out factories and paper money and loans and hereditary legislators from that fine country.' His greatest fear was prophetic lest America should become deforested, that hell on earth he described as *sine arbore tellus*. 'I wish I could say a word for the fine timber which is yet standing. Spare it, gentle inhabitants, for your country's sake. These noble sons of the forest beautify your landscape beyond all description; when they are gone, a century will not replace their loss. They cannot, they must not fall.'

But fall they did to the Lumber Kings. Waterton's voice was left crying in the wilderness of the Dustbowl.

What millions of dollars, what thousands of square miles, what peace to man and beast and bird could have been saved to the Great Republic if the Americans had taken Waterton as a prophet instead of a cheery guest!

It was an America of travel by canal and stagecoach and he passed from Inn to Inn, spacious and old-fashioned as any described by Dickens. The real value of his journey was that he, a Catholic gentleman from Yorkshire, wrought the first kindly link between the two countries and laid the cornerstone of that friendship which means so much to the world today. The writings of Dickens and Mrs. Trollope did not help: in fact they insulted the Americans to frenzy.

Like a true sportsman Waterton was delighted when America won the first race for the Yacht Cup at Cowes. 'A Yankee has beat them all, hollow, hollow, hollow, by eight miles!' No greater compliment could be paid to the conquering American than cheers from the *Victory* man-of-war and the band playing *Yankee Doodle* as she passed. That was the spirit that cements nations.

The American Civil War came as a great grief to Waterton, who read it sadly into Lucan's lines on the war between Pompey and Caesar.

Living in his wall-enclosed kingdom, Waterton threw his time and genius into taxidermy. His work surpassed all animal stuffers before or since. He was the first to make specimens lifelike, and in his artistic moulding of the features he foreshadowed the feats of modern surgeons in restoring the looks of the mutilated.

He was much assailed for certain freaks of Natural History which his superb taxidermy enabled him to produce. Above all the

nondescript, on which so much was needlessly written. He simply revived the imaginative humour which bred the mediaeval gargoyles. The old artists worked in stone, whereas the old Squire used corrosive sublimate to mould the skins of real animals into the shape he wished. The *nondescript* was the face of the Howler monkey thought to resemble a Master in Chancery whom Waterton disliked. This appealed so much to Sydney Smith that it had to be explained that no living person was thereby intended! It was parallel to the famous caricature of a living nobleman which Thackeray had to withdraw from the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

In later days the *nondescript* would have been assailed as a clever skit on Darwin and named 'the missing link'. But in those unworried days naturalists and philosophers accepted Adam and Eve for as good a beginning as any. They seemed an unquestioned pair of personages rather than symbols of the two sexes. In any case Waterton bitterly annoyed the scientific whose dull jargon contrasted with his spritely English, for he wrote and stuffed and travelled and collected for his own great entertainment. In the background ever hung the sense of the mission he owed to God.

A great deal of his information has lasted to this day, for he seemed to write with authority and not as the scribes who blindly copy each other's books. He made his mistakes, but he was generally right. He may have been wrong about the cuckoo's young carting other nestlings out of the nest. He took up the contest with Audubon whether the vulture used sight or scent to find carrion.

But the mass of his observations are still worth dredging from his Essays and Letters. He always merited the description of 'hawk-eyed'.

He had his little ways. It was a local proverb that 'Charles Waterton never did anything like anybody else'. All his mannerisms were remembered when his chivalrous manners were forgotten. We know that he disliked putting letters into envelopes, but he always served potatoes baked in theirs. He would only tolerate white strawberries. He kept Rogation days by religious processions and the blessing of the fields like one of olden time.

His so-called bigotry was a humorous defence against the brutal Protestantism which assailed the Catholics of those days. When a Protestant lady pointed out that his cherished picture of Queen Mary was really Elizabeth, he turned her to the wall and 'we both burst into a merry laugh'.

He has been arraigned for turning his stuffing powers to

caricaturing the heroes of the Reformation zoologically. John Knox, Burnet, Titus Oates were represented by repulsive reptiles.

This did not prevent Bishop Longley of Ripon (who later ascended to Canterbury) paying the Squire many a visit. Otherwise 'there was no lack of high-bred courtesy on his part to those of another creed'. He avenged his creed with irony tinged by an underlying humour. As Rev. F. G. Wood said: 'He had felt the wounds but he could jest at the scars.' Therein he recalled his ancestor, Sir Thomas More.

He never forgot that he belonged to the outcast religion, to the Church of old England, and he revered the fallen Catholic dynasty. His father told him the first brown rats entered the country with the House of Hanover, and he waged unsparing war against the Hanoverian rats: but for other reasons! Of Queen Victoria he would only say: God bless her! She was welcome to his board if she would only keep to his strict hours at mealtime: for Walton Hall was run on monastic lines.

He could be astonishing, amazing even, but he hated advertisement of himself or notoriety. Hence his desire never to be painted or drawn. He wrote his own Biography and hoped in vain that he would be respected by posterity.

Protestant Yorkshire took him to her heart as the Squire who treated wild birds as fellow-Christians. He even encouraged ivy for their protection. The visits of rare birds he received as the Prophets received the Angels. When Sir Lionel Pilkington arrived with the gift of a bittern he had cheerfully shot, Waterton cried out: 'Your father murdered the last raven in Yorkshire.'

His bitterest controversies were not religious, but with the arm-chair scientists. Perhaps they were ranged on small points. Professor Rennie insisted that carrion crows covered their eggs and referred to the 'eccentric crows' at Walton Hall who failed to take this precaution. 'Quixotic' would have been the better adjective for Waterton than 'eccentric'. When Waterton admired the simple devotion of the Don he seemed to be admiring himself unknown to Charles Waterton. The controversial windmills set in motion by his rivals gave him the illusion that he was striking giants such as Audubon and Swainson.

Birds! Birds! Birds!

They made his real family and company. Had he ever lacked sustenance he would have deserved feeding by the ravens. How he

loved and missed those birds once sacred to the mediaeval Englishmen, who believed King Arthur was of their number! He cherished the carrion-crows, whom he called his 'lesser ravens'. In the same way he loved herons in place of storks in his life and made water-voles supply the place of the beavers he had admired in America.

Part of his converse, as he said, was talking to cock-robin and the magpies. Early he rose and knew the beauties of sunrise as well as the chorus which birds sing before man rises to go about his labour.

England can be grateful to one who initiated the protection of wild birds. Fiercely he protested against the 'heathen gunmen' who shot down the seabirds on the coasts.

His crystal sense and humanity led him to adopt many ideas ahead of his time. He built sties to enable his pigs to keep spotless and sun themselves. He built stables to enable horses to enjoy each other's company. The bird sanctuary and the nesting-box were Waterton's ideas. Better than the box, he carpentered trees to welcome owls, heaped sand for sandmartins and built safe cotes for pigeons and starlings.

He was the first of bird-watchers, bringing a telescope to bear on the happy wildfowl in his lake.

His joy in life was such that he abolished all the crape and mourning which made a Victorian undertaker's trousseau.

He seemed to know the conversation of animals and he arranged gates that would permit cows to meet each other without causing breakages. Above all he realized the cruelty of kenneldom and insisted that dogs should be able to see what was going on.

He discouraged the docking of horses' tails.

He was a meticulous bird-watcher. He watched a pair of ox-eyed titmice and counted the 475 times that they fed their young in a day.

He realized that woodpeckers prefer to attack rotting timber and that the scolytus beetle did not infest healthy but moribund trees, a discovery which upset the school of naturalists who had decided the beetle was the destroying power.

He was ahead of his times in proving that rooks, woodpeckers and kestrels were far from injurious.

Consider in how many ways he peeped ahead. He was not content to await the next world to sample flight angelical. He made himself wings attached to his arms and spine and was only induced by the clergy not to launch himself from the roof of his barn. He had simply invented gliding ahead of his time.

Modern militarists might have learnt from him ideas of drawing the enemy's fire. He set wooden pheasants on his trees for poachers to riddle uselessly.

His medical attentions to himself have been much mocked. But apart from blood-letting and calomel is it possible that he can advise suffering humanity today?

How did he manage to make and control that splendid body of his? He showed the uses of fasting and of abstinence from drink. He was a vegetarian at heart: 'I prefer meal to meat.' What is his message to a rheumatic and arthritic generation?

How was it that he was able to climb tall trees till he was eighty? How did he keep his toes prehensile, his legs muscular and his whole body as supple as one of his detested rats?

Happy would be all middle-aged men if they shared a tithe of that splendid health which only a series of accidents brought to the grave.

'Waterton's Pills' may seem a medical joke but the rules of his life are well known. Chastity and abstinence, little meat, frequent fasting, sleeping in blankets instead of sheets, walking barefoot, unceasing mental activity, untiring hobbies, early to bed and early to rise. All this led to the long life of one of the happiest and healthiest of Englishmen. Whether he was among the holiest is of less interest to his fellow-countrymen. In any case, that was his own most private affair.

He was an old-fashioned believer and only asked to be left alone to his prayers and beliefs. In his familiar blue coat and gilt buttons he rode on Sundays twenty-eight miles to hear Mass in Leeds, the famous blue coat which he would not exchange for black to be received by the Pope. Happily historians record that he received an audience from a later Pope, dressed up in a semi-naval uniform borrowed from Captain Marryat and posing as a Militia Captain of Demerara! Papal etiquette was saved!

But he always had a peculiar contempt of all clothing and enjoyed being mistaken for a serving-man. To tramp and gypsy he extended the hand of old-world benevolence.

He who had lived up to the inmost spirit of the *Ancient Mariner* was as kindly to man as to bird. With his knowledge of the world's great open spaces he hated the cramped life which the ghastly Industrial Movement threatened to his fellow-countrymen. To his horror the Black Country had begun to defile the green England of his love. He pitied the slaves of the dark Satanic mills and gladly

admitted them to visit his minor Paradise. The folk strolled and danced in his field as happy as the birds. Before they left, their benefactor would appear and bless them farewell while song and ballad arose in his honour.

He took alarm when a soap factory was built near by and his trees began to suffer from the fumes. An embarrassing litigation followed before the works were moved away. It was a costly victory. It was an early struggle against pollution in a land which was doomed to suffer direly. A fierce thirst for riches fanned the middle classes and the Squires followed blindly in their wake until whole counties were urbanized under their feet. It was symbolic that the worthy manufacturer whom Waterton had excluded like rat and poacher lived to buy up Walton Hall: but therein lies another story. Happily the old Squire lay dead beside his lake where he had wished to be buried, not knowing he was the last Lord of Walton.

His last years were cheered by the arrival of a youthful disciple who rose in time to be President of the College of Physicians. To Walton, Norman Moore brought his hero-worship, an intense interest in biology and a notebook.

Waterton found one who was nearer to him than his own son, one who imbibed every word, every taste and characteristic. Waterton made him an adept in ornithology, Sterne, Don Quixote and his whole philosophy of life. It was typical of him that he would not allow the enthusiastic boy to become a Catholic.

When Moore refused coffee, the Squire told him: 'This is a West India House. You must take coffee,' and was not to be gainsaid. Naturally he made him promise to abstain from drink: 'Say you promised the old Wanderer of Guiana that you would never do so.'

Towards the end of May 1865 Moore visited the Squire at midnight. They went awhile to the Chapel and returned to a congenial talk about owls and night-jars. Three nights later the good old man died. 'The window was open. The sky was beginning to grow grey, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was craking from the Ox-close and his favourite cock, which he used to call his morning gun, leaped out from some hollies and gave his accustomed crow.'

A week later his body was taken by boat down the lake for burial under two oak trees. Under a cross was inscribed mention of the weary bones there buried. They should have been weary enough, but his soul ascended with the morning lark to the Aviaries of Heaven.

A LETTER ON THE CHURCH

By IDA FRIEDERIKE GÖRRES

'P.S.—You must bear in mind that, if I speak strongly in various places in the Sermons against the existing state of things, it is not wantonly, but to show I *feel the difficulties* which certain minds are distressed with.'

NEWMAN to KEBLE, 6 September, 1843.

DEAR DR. N.,

I can't help feeling that our talk of Saturday night asks for a sequel—my answer to your final question was so abrupt and unsatisfactory—yet I must own I felt rather relieved when your hurried departure for your bus forced that sudden interruption on us.

Some things are easier written than said.

You remember: our argument began with your allusion to the Corpus Christi Procession, the first in the parish since the Nazi suppression of it. You of all people, a Protestant born and bred, actually an agnostic, mildly interested in religious phenomena of every kind, definitely averse to creeds, dogmas and denominations—you went into raptures about that festival. You thought it marvellous. It was not your first view of such a spectacle either; you stressed the fact that when public processions were still quite common in the Catholic regions of our country, you had rarely missed one, coming quite a long way by rail, if necessary, to be on the spot, even at the cost of early rising and other discomforts. You confessed to a weakness for the liturgy of our ancient monasteries. You praised the age-old wisdom of Mother Church. Though not her son, you thought it wonderful how she mastered every display of pomp and pageantry, popular with the populace, marvellously adapted to rivet the attention of the crowds, yet at the same time initiating the cultivated mind to the mystical heirloom of all ages, the common property of all higher religious development, to the inmost and esoteric core of those selfsame rites, which only the

half-educated free-thinker taxed as crude and gaudy. What other *weltanschauung*, what religious system, you asked enthusiastically, dared in this way to join the most primitive relicts of heathen times to the remotest philosophy, feeding on the deposit of centuries, yet ever up to date and ever young, challenging and surviving every other civilization as in a strange confirmation of the allegorical Rock of Peter? Then you went on about your holidays in a Sanatorium run by nuns, and you extolled the good sisters to the skies. . . .

How you had enjoyed the atmosphere of that house, its charm and sweetness, its air of dignity, purity and cheerful simplicity: just what you had expected from 'spiritual' ladies, nay, exceeding your most reckless expectations. Yet you were not even surprised, having met Catholic priests before; and here you went off again. You simply couldn't understand the vulgar anticlericalism festering even among believing Catholics; you thought it must be merely the result of adroit political propaganda. The average Catholic priest was, to your mind, certainly as worthy of respect as of sympathy, a gentleman in every sense of the word, a highly-trained intellectual, a champion of the arts as well as a philanthropist; not to mention, of course, the hierarchy: the splendid stand the Bishops had made against the secular tyranny, Cardinal Count Galen for instance. . . .

I seem to remember your stopping short at this point of your discourse, slightly disconcerted, perhaps, by a smile and a wink that passed between my husband and myself and you interrupted your eulogy to ask, with an almost imperceptible wavering in your assurance, whether we agreed to your assertions? Did we think it funny or forward of an outsider to urge upon us what we doubtlessly felt much more vividly, as though praising his own mother to a child—'that admirable community which at any rate repays the sacrifice of intellect to those who manage to accept her odd metaphysics with lavish profusion of spiritual comfort, stimulation, edification——'

Well—and now it was my turn to try and discriminate very carefully between what seemed acceptable to the Catholic in your rhapsody and what might be but the fond illusion of one who had never approached the object of his infatuation near enough to get a good look at it. I found myself, rather to my surprise, in the slightly ludicrous rôle of the Devil's Advocate against a staunch but inexperienced admirer.

Of course we agreed to your assertions as a whole and in outline—and even in a much deeper sense than you could understand. You perceive, for instance, the beautiful and dignified tracery of the Roman ritual, but you might not even guess the silent current of invisible power flowing from the heart of the reality which these symbols veil and signify: the still, steady flow of Grace, transfusing and transforming many, many Catholics, simple, uninteresting people plodding about their everyday jobs, yet touched to the fibre of their being, permeated by this spiritual Life like the sponge with water, like the lungs with air: you could never guess it by the look of them. You were struck by the dignity and decorum of the vast worshipping crowd—but I wonder if you felt the slightest breath of that happiness, that exultation which throbbed inside the awkward and very unsatisfactory chanting and the always rather annoying mechanized monotony of congregational prayer, the joy of accompanying Our Lord Himself through the streets and lanes of our ungodly town.

You professed yourself charmed by the grace and childlike serenity of the nuns—do you suspect the bedrock of irrevocable renunciation and steady continuous mortification which all this lovely flowering presupposes? Can you visualize the wordless, unacknowledged squandering of every ounce of self in toil and service, simply taken for granted, unsparing, unrewarded, which such communities demand (as far as they have kept their original spirit), not as choice deeds of spectacular heroism, but as an everyday achievement, without truce, without holiday, comparable only to the life of good mothers? And as to priests—I do wonder if you ever met a priest as we understand him—not just as a clever or interesting specimen of a rather singular caste, not as a kind of oddity with a most peculiar hobby. Did just the picturesque aspect of the monks in choir strike you, the flowing robes, the solemn gestures, the curious persistence of mediaeval customs and tradition, or did you ever catch a glimpse of the monastic idea, a glimpse of that radiant and armoured purity, that protective sweetness and lowly dignity which is figured in the ancient saying that monks should resemble the Angels?

Well—I expect you are quite familiar with the Abbé type, an immortal character, it would seem—the brilliant talker, the suave and ornamental *habitué* of pious ladies' drawing-rooms or of scholarly gatherings, you are acquainted with illustrious writers, clerical professors and politicians. But these are not even the froth of

real priesthood. You ought to have a look at the other type, the average parish priest of the countryside, often enough of peasant extraction, clumsy of manners, rustic in speech, badly shaved and awkward in dress, ignorant of highbrow problems, and of appalling taste in the arts, as the decorations of their living-rooms and the interior of their churches testify: yet true servants of God and of their brothers and sisters, truly servants of all so as to win all for Christ. Here again literature has spoilt our perceptions. No, I do not mean the genial village pastor of Francis Jammes or Timmermans, half a poet himself, an idyll between vineyards and lilacs, leisurely and rotund: I am speaking of the tired-out, nervous fathers of their parishes, harassed and fagged, bored to death and out of temper, because the sheer unmanageable quantity of their task is getting more beyond them every day, overridden by the 'daily care of the churches', ever at the mercy of doorbell and telephone. They are, as the Blessed Henry Suso called himself, indeed the jaded navvies of the Kingdom of God, 'stumbling through the deep and dirty puddles to drag men from the foul depth of sin to Everlasting Beauty'. That's why they cannot spare leisure for music and sport and 'personal culture' and all the rest of it.

You just know the brilliant and remarkable people—you don't know anything about those 'fools' whom even their own mates abuse for being such tiresome patterns, putting ideas into people's heads about how priests ought to be and what you can expect from them—fools who don't know how to guard their own interests of rank and station, ridiculous in their plodding earnestness and singleminded devotion, with no sense at all for 'taking it easy', ever taxed beyond their strength—and yet, and yet, in their presence you realize with a start and a gasp what it must have been like to meet Our Lord when He walked on earth.

How could I explain to you what Catholics really feel about their priests? A certain kind of psychology and science of religions and ethnology seem to have spoilt or at least overlaid and mixed up all notions—I am afraid you see a rather motley film of associations at the mere word of 'priest'—subtle replicas of primitive magical belief, towering Ecclesiastical Power, awe which obligatory Confession imposes on cringing souls towards those who hold sway over our inmost Conscience—and the real facts are so simple and intimate, so much more serious and more easy. Our brothers, our fathers! How I do envy other nations their custom of addressing their priests in the only sensible and natural way to my mind:

Father, *mon Père!* Our own flesh and blood, that's what they are—not shrouded in pseudomystical haze, not set on elaborate pedestals, impenetrable and aloof, but living in our midst as servants of God and dispensers of the Mysteries; and yet in all our easy and familiar intercourse we are aware, with intense reverence, of the indelible Seal of Consecration, and we tremble with a profound and tender anxiety for each one of them because of the almost unbearable task of living up to that claim.

This, indeed, was unfamiliar lore to you. You replied, very courteously, that you certainly saw no reason for such anxiety. Of course everyone knew that in earlier centuries the Vices and Abuses of the Clergy used to be a favourite topic with friends and foes of the Church; but that had utterly changed and to the modern Catholics such grievances could not mean more than a half-forgotten nightmare of the past and a most unfair argument in the hands of present opponents. Our clergy of today was really out-and-out above such attacks or suspicions, the most reputable body of men existing.

Now what was I to reply? simply to acquiesce without condition and limitation, stressing the fact that, as nowadays gross scandal had indeed become very rare, there really was no other cause for misgivings among believers? I seem to remember having said it was rather flattering that the friendly imagination of an outsider should credit the Church with nothing but distinctions and privileges. Still, after all, Catholics do not live in quite such an Utopia.

It might be difficult for one who only knew the doctrine of the Church from books to realize how very little of it has really filtered down to common property among the faithful: what dire starvation is possible amidst abundance; the stark ignorance in which whole populations are living of the real contents of the Creed into which they have been baptized—not unlike the indifference of the *fellahin* among the ruins of Karnak and Gizeh as to the glories of ancient Egypt.

How large, do you think, is the average illiterate Catholic's real share of the consummate philosophy, of the illustrious 'heirloom of Antiquity' which, to your opinion, is the distinguishing note of the Church? not of course, as scholarly theology, but as a concrete power moulding his life from within? How far do they but feed on the stalest of husks of emotional devotions, dry morality, dwindled and shrivelled derivations from the great doctrinal

truths, religious notions of dollhouse size? How many ever get beyond their schoolroom or even nursery concepts of God and the Soul? And that in spite of or because of the teaching of their clergy? And what about the tough resistance which opposes almost everywhere the efforts of those who really and truly endeavour to throw open the locked treasuries and to put their contents within reach of the masses? If you had but the faintest ideas of the struggles which accompanied the beginnings of the Liturgical Revival, the Biblical Revival in our country, you would know what I am talking about. Even today much of these most earnest and strenuous efforts to initiate the people to a deeper understanding of the Sacraments and many things akin are put down and ridiculed as mere whims and highfalutin fads, instead of recognizing them as missionary tasks of tremendous importance. What efforts does it take to bring home the social message of the Church to the conscience of her believers? How much real religion, do you think, is to be found in the so-called genuine Catholic regions, as distinct from the empty if colourful trappings of Catholic custom and folklore, mere ornaments for festive occasions, void of every real spiritual significance, just 'Catholic superstitions to a pagan existence', according to the startling formula of that great French apostle Abbé Godin? Superstitions shed as easily, without scruple nor regret, at the first change of environment, as the picturesque but uncomfortable apparel of local costume?

Did you really, during your visits to the Catholic countryside, meet with nothing but 'impressive' processions, shrines and Months of May? Did you never stray into one of the countless churches or chapels, in village or town, where the Holy Sacrifice was rattled away—certainly not 'celebrated'—with heartless and indecent hurry and negligence, Sunday and weekday, and you could not have told who was most bored by the performance, the priest or the congregation? Did you never chance upon an Easter Saturday where the most glorious and resplendent liturgy of the Christian Year was bungled and droned before almost-empty benches in the early morning, till nothing was left to its poignant and overwhelming beauty, as unknown to the average believer as the Mysteries of Mithras?

Again, your generous praise of our clergy makes me wonder how often you may have chanced upon a sermon. Was it—excuse that query—was it from pulpits you gathered your idea of the intense correspondence between pastor and flock? of the priests'

vivid and wide awareness of all the troubles, aches and problems of average men and women? Are you really convinced that our Catholic preachers make most of the stupendous and unique chance of talking every week to the most willing, trustful and patient audience, to people starving for a simple, clear and practical guidance on their way to God, ready to accept anything from that quarter? What do they ask for but a chunk of real wholesome substantial bread, not fancy stuff, a real message to feed upon, to digest, to carry home and live upon? Would they, do you think, shut their ears and spurn it, if duly offered? Why, then, are they presented, more often than not, with empty, flabby chatter, the Eternal Word watered down to flimsiest small-talk, worn-out stereotypes from outmoded homiletic manuals, weakly spiced with stories supposed to be funny or edifying, sermons neither serviceable nor intelligible (mark, I did not say brilliant nor learned!), just futile displays of the speaker's superficial 'culture', rather cheap facetiousness or repetitions of infantile catechism lessons without any relation to real adult life with its joys and fears and sorrows and worries.

It just rends your heart to hear what soldiers, prisoners, exiles record about wasted opportunities, precious unique God-sent, never to be repeated occasions of preaching the Gospel to shattered, puzzled men and women, racked with cruel unintelligible experience, thirsting like never in their lives for a Divine Answer and Message! Of course, there are exceptions, blessed and unforgettable—but how rare, how scant, compared with the occasions? Why must they be lucky exceptions? Why do they come upon us as surprises? Why is a decent sermon, after all, a rarity? Why is it a relief, on entering a Church on Sunday morning, to hear a proper sermon—mind you, I am not talking of clever, remarkable, scholarly lectures, not of eloquence or imagination, just of simple genuine talk on those things which are indeed life and death to us, ringing true, based on sound theology, touching the vital needs of the listeners' soul, neither barren nor stilted, not artificial nor unctuous nor gushing—is it presumptuous to ask for such discourse? I am sorry to say it really is a risk to take an agnostic or a devout Protestant or even a raw convert at haphazard into a church at random; you run the risk of burdening him with a performance which can only puzzle and distress, if not shock and repel, a truly religious heart or a candid mind.

I wonder whether you could assess the number of Catholics who have lost not only their own faith, but almost every relation to religion because of the stolid, narrow, complacent and intolerably rigid Catholicism in which they grew up? Of course it is very flattering to hear your opinion on nuns and convents, and my own years at my convent school were the happiest of my childhood and youth, yet I am perfectly aware that such surroundings have been, to many boarders and pupils, the severest taxation and even the shipwreck of their faith, at least of their loyalties towards the Church, and you could not in fairness assert, as is sometimes done, that this only applies to irreligious natures, to girls from bad homes 'when there was something wrong to start with'.

And now turn to our clergy. Please remember everything I said beforehand, agreeing to and stressing your eulogies and enlarging upon them. Of course, to say the very least, our clergy does keep to a good average level and leads, generally speaking, a correct life. Do you think this estimate too cautious and grudging? Well, if you have ever lived in one of our former Eastern provinces you would realize how important that prim little adjective can be. In the district where I was born and bred we certainly were not surfeited with examples of holiness nor even of decency. The clergy we grew up with! It seems like a marvel sometimes that we remained Christians at all. What to us was dry and daily matter-of-fact would seem, perhaps, to you as rather lurid anticlerical fiction.¹

That is why anyone with even a vague idea of such shady aspects is very grateful to be living in a country where the broad average of the clergy really does keep to a good standard. Just as historians—and every Catholic ought to have some glimmering of historic sense—now and then state with huge relief what an immense progress such standards have made in the last centuries and what a blessing it is that we have had none but excellent Popes for a century and more. How should we have liked to live in a two-or even threeheaded Christendom, without the faintest notion as to who was the real Pope, with even Saints disagreeing violently on the point, and with the rivals banning the others with all their

¹ Indeed Graham Greene's Mexican hero would have seemed rather tame and commonplace among a great many of these worthies, who, to boot, could not plead to the exceptional circumstances of revolution, Civil war or religious persecution, living, as they did, in safest pre-First-World-War days. And yet it is precisely from such material that, as the initiated know, in certain countries behind the Iron Curtain, the martyrs of today are gleaned and 'the Power and the Glory' actually walks incarnate.

followers ! I remember a grim old reverend friend of ours who was wont to grunt encouragingly every time one of us grumbled at tedious pastorals or at some choice and specially annoying bit of clerical bureaucracy: 'I really can't understand why people fuss and fidget about such trifles instead of thanking God on their knees that bishops nowadays don't fight duels about dancers, as in the Renaissance!' And his rather crusty remark came into my mind again when I saw, some time ago, in a castle in South Germany, a gallery of gorgeous and portly prelates from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—splendid types of exuberant manhood, robust and lusty, proud, pampered and elegant, courtiers, statesmen, fighters, dandies, some even scholars—anything you like, save priests. Perhaps he was right, after all. Perhaps we ought just to recognize thankfully that simony, usury and luxury have ceased to be fashionable clerical pastimes.

(Of course every sensible person knows that even crude scandal can never be totally exterminated in the Church, but, if he is at all sensible, he knows as well how negligible this fact is in any judgement passed on the Church as a whole, how little 'symptomatic'. Although, God help me, a square and candid scandal in the Bohemian or Hungarian style might sometimes be more sufferable than those mental oddities and self-deceptions which seem compatible with the 'correct' attitude!)

But granted all this—and remembering all the splendid and blessed types of good priests with which God ever and again favours us, despite our sins—do you think it very horrid and ungrateful if many of the Catholic faithful do feel some heartache, discussing their clergy? Are glaring crimes like cruelty, blood-feuds, simony or lechery really the only things at which a believer might look askance in his priests? Were it not bad enough if a certain hardness of heart were something like a not too rare badge among them? Yes, hardness of heart, a profound lack of sympathy and understanding for human troubles and burdens—a painful and frightening deficiency in any man, any Christian, yet doubly disappointing in those for whom, above all others, it is written that men should know them as disciples of the Lord by the love they bear to one another. Was it always thus? Is it the special brand of our time? Is it the strange and almost weird participation in the besetting sin and fundamental evil of the present age, the secret infiltration inside the Church of just that complaint which she denounces and condemns in the World outside? I mean, could you

account for this cold and passive loveless spirit by calling it a pale mirage of the sinister wave of black hate and cruelty which seems to flood the whole face of the earth? Or would this dearth of feeling, this insensibility of heart and callousness, be a lamentable but scarcely avoidable effect of a celibacy no more profoundly understood and realized, accepted merely as a negation and repression, immuring the individual in his frosty selfishness, instead of liberating him for brotherly, paternal encounter? Or would this hardness of heart be the dangerous symptom of a dearth of devotion not only towards human beings but, much more alarming, towards God? I don't want to bore you with details, but, believe me, these are not generalizations at random. Ask men and women fighting in the ranks of active charity, social workers, foremost in every campaign against human guilt and misery, pioneers and helpers, hoping against hope amid the deluge of distress and suffering: ask them where again and again they have found the least sympathy, the dullest and most indomitable resistance, the deaf ears and blank smiles of disapproval, saturated hearts sheathed with imperturbable sloth against their summons and appeals. Just you ask them who is cleverest in avoiding or turning down their prayers and importunities, readiest with offhand excuses, quickest at dubbing them fanatics or eccentrics. Of course you wouldn't get an answer out of them, faithful and unselfish hearts, least of all from the many wonderful priests among them. But amongst ourselves they do speak out, bruised with their disappointments, burning with the shame of them in face of unbelievers. That whole incredible chapter on refugees in 'genuine Catholic regions'! Ask girls and women working in the parish—you might be amazed at their bitterness and despondency. It is certainly not glaring scandal which saps and undermines their trust, their reverence and their ardour—just coldness and smugness, selfish indolence and utter indifference is answerable for their breakdown and the ensuing lethargy.

Ever and again you come up against the aching, secret question: why are there so few really *spiritual* priests? So few whose deportment seems to confirm the reality of their daily intercourse with God at the Altar? So few with whom a layman, yearning for religious guidance, could have a real serious talk, could find openminded loving patience with his doubts and failures? We call them 'the spiritual ones'.¹ What a charge to live up to! The simple

¹ 'Die Geistlichen', 'ein Geistlicher' is, as a colloquial term, used much more frequently to denote a member of the clergy than the word 'Priester', priest.

layman is not as modest as some think he ought to be, he will not be put off with a whiff of 'culture', with an impression of comfortable housekeeping or a large and cheerful family clan—these are not the things he seeks from his priest, he can find entertainment or highbrow conversation elsewhere. What he wants is definitely a spirit of prayer, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a convincing proof of the Presence of God, a ray of genuine love; he believes that such a house ought to attract people anxious for 'the things of God', inquirers and sufferers, and he feels it is very unsatisfactory if there is not more of all these ingredients to be found than in a business office or, at best, in a family of average decent standards.

Is it not a pity that some priests seem to fancy that it were a short cut to the layman's religious confidence to adopt a markedly 'worldly' demeanour (fatally mistaking it for naturalness and simplicity!). The layman hates the stiff and unctuous poise beloved of clerics in earlier days, stressing the abyss between their dignity and the profane. But I believe he loathes it yet more when the priest fawns upon his moods and fashions, plays upon his snobbery, social or artistic or any other, patronizes his foibles and feels flattered by flatteries on things which the layman in his heart of hearts feels the other ought to despise or at least to disregard, such as money or titles or success in the lighter modes of flirtation. They seem to think we must needs succumb to their 'naturalness', but why believe this gentle and noble virtue to be on the wrong side of good manners or true dignity? It is definitely the supernatural—in its simplest, most modest garb—that we seek in those whom we would love to approach with all the holy trust and veneration due to the 'vicar', that is literally the representative of God.

Why all this zeal and watchfulness for ecclesiastic position and the respect due to it, more than for the growth of godliness in the hearts of men? Why so much suspicious defiance and coldly strategic attitude against the causes and aims of laymen working in the Church? Why so much distrust and jealousy at the very hint of independence and initiative among them, in spite of all the slogans about Catholic Action and lay apostolate? Why such a staggering play of shrewd, consistent and unscrupulous tactics when he is to be put in his place and brought to heel? You can't help remembering sometimes the smarting irony of Newman's comment, that certain ecclesiastics seem to maintain that 'the lay spirit is barbarous, wild and stupid, and that subtle cunning the special weapon of prelates.'

Well, that was that. When I stopped for breath, you were flabbergasted. 'Why, if that's what you feel about your Church, then why on earth are you a Roman Catholic? Forty years ago such ideas would have led you straight to the Modernists, and four centuries ago doubtlessly to Luther or Calvin!' At that moment the alarm clock went off, which we had taken the precaution to wind up and you had to hurry to your bus.

Dear Dr. N.—now at last I am at the heart of the matter, and your question really probes our whole problem to its core: Why am I, why are we Catholics? For, you see, I am speaking for many.

Because we love our Church. This our Church, as it is. Because we love her, as nothing on earth has ever been loved nor shall be, with a passion and a tenderness comparable to none other, not to be named in the same breath—as only he may say who knows what he is talking about, the man who realizes what love means, love of marriage, of friendship, of kinship, love of nation and country. For this love, without reservation, condition or restriction, irrevocable and final, is just a part or aspect of our love of God, so intimate and sacred a thing that one can scarcely bear to discuss it—but you have started the question, you have forced my hand, so be it, I must answer you—and make a fool of myself.

Don't you realize that all our criticism, our seeming rebellion, is but the complaint and indignation of love, a love not blind or infatuated, knowing no fear of breaking under the strain of faced reality, sober steady love, sharp-eyed, thoroughly capable of insight and judgement, keen, comprehensive ample consideration, without shrinking and hedging, without excusing and evasions: because it believeth all, hopeth all, beareth all, endureth all things.

Our grief and wrath over many details grow from our deep realization of what the Church really is, in spite of these wrongs and blemishes: the Church of Christ, sublime and glorious. That is why we measure her every visible trait against the background of her essence, not an abstract idea, not a flight-away pretension. We cannot, and we won't, take refuge in a fictitious notion of an Invisible Church before the discredit, blame, annoyance and scandal which the Visible One offers rather too copiously. To us there is none other than herself, the Church One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, visible *and* invisible withal, real in both, to accept, to honour, to love, to obey in both. She is the Supreme Trust con-

fided to us to be carried across the ages in her mysterious 'servants form', till the Lord come again. Then He will call us to account for every stain on her robe, every spot and wrinkle on her face. Of course, we are perfectly aware that we too are part of her disgrace, as her loving, unruly, loyal, impatient and froward children, we are part of the aspect our expostulations are chiding, every one of us responsible in good measure that the Name of God is blasphemed among the heathen.

But knowing and realizing that—does it discharge us of the real, the heavy responsibility, of the duty to be wide awake, to watch, to sift, to search, to warn, playing our part in thought and action and suffering? Could anything allow us to wallow in cheap excuses, whitewashing and advocating things which definitely ought to disappear, because they wrong and disfigure the Church? Is not, on the contrary, the habit of brazen or timid denial of every charge, of hushing over every questionable feature—to many the very essence of Church-loyalty!—a most dangerous and even fatal attempt, and its attitude in no wise different from the gross collective vanity of clan, caste or race?

Now were your turn to ask: Why do you think your Church worth such a passion of devotion, seeing her, as you do, with such unsparing severity? I somehow shrink from trying to explain to you the Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—after all this is a letter, not a tract. But what I might say is this:

Because she carries Truth in herself. That makes our hearts thrill with the unutterable awe of encountering God. Because, exactly as Christ Himself, 'she was born and came into the world to this end and for that cause, that she should bear witness unto the truth'. (John xviii. 37.)

This is our sole ground and reason. Were it not valid, were she but composed of the elements you and others like you perceive and value and admire in her, the pageantry of her history, her cultural and artistic treasury, the proud security of a marvellously ordered spiritual system—what would she mean to us? I assure you we wouldn't give two hoots for all of it, were it built on a dream, a delusion, a lie. I never could understand how outsiders, even yourself, could grant a smiling and generous patronage to our Church because of these and other assets, believing all the while that all this tremendous fecundity sprang at the root from a spurious claim, bluntly speaking, a *fraud*. You have heard people say: 'If the Catholic Church didn't exist, you'd have had to invent it.' It's

most emphatically the other way round. We really only care for the ultimate issue.

If this one prerogative were not sound, if she, as a Body, a Whole, an Institution were *not* the Shrine and Incarnation of the Revelation, that is of God's entire and undiluted Message, as far as He deigned to give it; so integral, so one in herself, that not a fragment might be curtailed or lost; provided with infallible, that is, unerring power to determine what is God's share in this immense conglomerate of doctrine, law, rite, and what is human matter, comment, philosophy, custom; what we must believe to our salvation and what we are free to believe; if the Church were *not* the Organ and Ark of that Message of God on Earth, bequeathed and founded by Jesus Christ—then indeed, he who cares for Truth cannot but meet her with the cruel watchword: *crasez l'infame*.

Then indeed she would be Antichrist, the Principle of Lie incarnate and the whole display of her benefits and merits but a gigantic array of seduction. That is why those Protestants who raise that cry (as Newman did for many years, and such a lover of Truth could not have done otherwise) are sure of my esteem and even sympathy because they, at least, take the immensity of her claim over Christian conscience seriously, and the monstrosity of it, were it deceit.

But we, having heard that claim and accepted it, believing that whoever listens to her listens to God Himself, and that if an angel from heaven preached any other gospel, let him be accursed—we seek from her neither culture nor wisdom nor statesmanship nor dispensation of peace and order to human Society, no, not even the prodigious power of rescuing Charity: we seek first of all the Truth of God and the 'Ministry of Reconciliation' and in these the Kingdom of God and the other things are but added unto.

Does it make you smile that a modern mind should so naïvely, so pathetically, accept the quaint vaunt of 'having' Truth in some special place or institution, absolutely, definitely, tangibly?

Now listen: just *because* we know and realize the unfathomable darkness of that mystery of mysteries: God, hidden indeed, in the Inaccessible Light, incommensurable to every human thought, query and image; because we are haunted by the conviction that every human term and word and notion must dissolve and break, which tries to catch and encompass Him; because the Ancients

were perfectly right in forbidding men to utter even the Name of God, as exceeding man's capability and worthiness and due. The more you enter into this profound awareness of your limits, the more diffident and sceptical you become in face of all swaggering assertions of merely human truth and doctrine, the more you grasp the inaccuracy, the random groping and unsatisfactory guesswork of mere brain exertion on this plane, the more you surrender to the insight into the million possibilities and the inexhaustible intricacies of error and self-delusion: the less will you talk glibly about 'possessing' Truth like a bit of cash, the less you can take it simply for granted that any human group can pride itself on such 'property'. But all the more, too, will you realize what Revelation means and the *depositum fidei*: Truth as a trust, as a gracious gift beyond every search and expectation, to be received on your knees, to be worshipped, something to keep and to guard and to protect, most keenly alive to the terrific peril such a gem must incur at our hands. Then only do you begin realizing what the Church really means to us, our reverence, our gratitude, our sensitive jealousy and anxious tenderness for her. How could this solemn awareness of the grace bestowed upon us through her stewardship degenerate into smug conceit about that privilege? Are we not aware too of the shameful story of how that trust has fared with us?

Like any other, this treasure can be smothered and cheapened and buried—the only thing Divine Intervention has prevented us from doing is actually losing or transmuting it. It is a sad and humbling meditation to reflect how much more others have made of the fragments yet left to them and what slight benefit many of us have reaped from the lavish bounty of our heritage.

And yet, and yet, the treasure is confided to the Church.

That is why neither blunder nor mischief, neither failure nor injury, can shake our love and loyalty. Here, if anywhere, that famous saying of Newman must prevail, that ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt. Even in the darkest ages of her history, in the realms of her worst corruption she has never quite betrayed her trust. She never left off being the Shrine of Truth and bearing the One irretrievable and supreme Boon across the stretch of time—even though her own members and even those responsible might not have understood more about it than the heifers which drew the Ark of the Covenant knew about that Sanctuary. And for the sake of that single achievement we are

ready to forgive the Past a great deal and the Present too—as we hope to be forgiven by those who come after us, if we keep at least this trust.

From this knowledge springs the special, grim and yet tender sense of humour with which Catholics are apt to treat even cruder deficiencies in their Church, a humour which serious-minded people beyond the pale are inclined to judge as frivolity. I suppose that the best funny stories about the clergy and all kinds of Catholic institutions are told amongst the faithful—but not in the same way as Party members used to crack the most devastating jokes about the Führer and his satellites. Neither the smothered spite of the oppressed nor the cynical wink of the augurs is at the bottom of this seeming levity. It is just real humour, so much akin to humility in the candid confession of its shortcomings and in the truly lighthearted laughter which ultimately leaves its troubles to the hands of God and makes play of what else might be blighting. As Chesterton insisted, every lover laughs at the beloved. Love with a laugh to it can bear strains which would be shattering to grim solemnity.

Yet it does not dissolve, it only assuages the passionate grief of the lover over the guilt and the sinful imperfections of the beloved, and that is why there is a certain Christian and Catholic shade of sadness that you might almost call a hidden ingredient of our devotion to the Church, mellowed by inexhaustible indulgence and long-suffering tenderness towards what I might term the natural infirmities of the beloved. Of course we know that there are chronic diseases given with the very structure of the Church. For instance, all the difficulties implied in a human institution framed on authority and obedience. The popular Slogan of the 'Church of Love' set up against the 'Church of Law' is just eyewash; you can as little extract legality from her being as bones from a living body.

Or take the long-lasting alliance of the Church with all 'conservative Powers'—a trait by no means essential to her, but a necessary part of her history; these powers having been, at least in periods, not only the champions of vested interests, but also of most sane and sacred and indispensable traditions and ideas, and from this combination grew, whilst European Society reeled and evolved and shifted, the much-discussed league with 'reactionary' groups, which nowadays is laid to the charge of 'Religion' in general. It is rather difficult to explain such relations and inter-workings to those who are sore about it, all the more when they

pride themselves on their disparagement of every real historic sense. The old dowager, very pious, who boasted that she had never shaken hands either with a Protestant nor with a commoner is as hard to enlighten as the sales-girls in the Park, telling each other that Catholic churches are so crammed because the clergy, favoured by Capital, promises to pay ten pounds in hard cash for every conversion.

As well state the fact that a 'genuine Catholic region' will never, as a whole, present an edifying appearance. (But honestly: do you really think an irreligious mob so much more creditable?) Because, as Newman elaborates to perfection in his Eighth and Ninth Lecture on the Difficulties of Anglicans, 'Nature tends to irreligion and vice' and 'that tendency is developed and fulfilled in any multitude of men . . . and the state of the case is not altered when a nation has been baptized, nature getting the better of grace.' A mass of people is naturally the contrary of an *élite* and 'the Social and Religious State of Catholic Countries is no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church'.

If this is so, what can you expect from those priests who are just selections and expressions and genuine specimens of that kind of popular religion, born and bred in homes that never knew any other stamp? It is not fair to expect that a few years of special and narrow training should transform the whole grain and stock of a given human being, even if our wildest dreams about perfect clerical education came true. And where the Orders still offer a large and multiform scope and stage to human activities, it would be very strange indeed if they would not extend a mighty attraction to the ambitious, the scheming, the adventurer, the social climber and even the impostor. That is why the 'Good Cause' has ever been, in its palmy days, such a hotbed for characters of that type.

If you are ready to accept an army of eighty thousand priests in a country (secular and regular clergy combined), and a perhaps yet larger host of women regulars thrown in (and they say that such numbers do not yet meet the actual pastoral demand) I suppose you must take it for granted that they cannot exist solely of genuine vocations; but after all why should we assume that the true Priest is rarer among clerical men than the true teacher among schoolmasters, the true physician among medical men, the true soldier among militarists?

Long experience has taught us: if you really will hazard dragging Ideas from their cloudy heights and kneading them into

the coarse clay of tangible reality, you must face some uncouth and freakish varieties of materialization. Celibacy, of course, is all right as a principle, and seems indispensable, and even very sensible scruples and objections cannot disprove it; yet its embodiment will seldom be altogether satisfactory—though not in the way worldlings will sneer at it. If men have not mastered its real spiritual significance, who shall stop them from seeking compensation in will-to-power, cult of comfort, avarice or unreal gush, emotional deadlock or various manners of disguised sentimental life? Further, men who must eschew the usual way to virility, the encounter with women, and who fail to attain the more difficult goal of spiritual paternity will often remain fixed in a peculiar immaturity and want of stamina. Human nature stunted and narrowed instead of elevated and broadened does, more often than not, offer poor material for perfect Christian manhood. But then, do the hosts of men and women who fail to live up to wedlock, and who are maimed and thwarted in the process, present a valid plea against Catholic matrimony?

We mustn't expect obvious and essential laws of psychology to stop short before the sacred pale and simply to evaporate when tested upon religious experience. But that is what people will do, and it is amazing with what a show of baby innocence they cry shame upon human beings if these prove to be such.

Am I now, in your eyes, recanting my own expostulations of yestereve? I don't dream of doing anything of that sort. I just tried to give you, even in outline, the context without which the rest remains vague and confusing. I wanted to show you how our love for our Church differs from a sort of spiritual Jingoism or an infantile need of security or an adolescent urge to blind infatuation. Of course you meet with all manner of Church loyalties, some of them very secular. Some feed upon demonstrations and propaganda and pragmatic cant about Victory and Conquests and Triumphs of the Church, on illustrious names and high figures—'hundreds of scalps', as Newman says somewhere with unexpected sharpness. I wonder if you know those people who are most elated when a Catholic happens to win the Nobel Prize or a motor race, and who hug and hoard any perfunctory compliment or patronizing nod an infidel deigns to offer in some literary review or public speech, or who feel the Church flattered when a popular film shows a nice sporting chaplain in boxing-gloves.

Enough of this. Our relation to the Church grows solely from

our relation to God. They rise and fall together. The first dialogue between the Priest and the infant on the arm of its sponsor states that solemn fact: 'What do you ask from the Church?' 'Faith.' 'What does Faith grant you?' 'Life Eternal.'

This conversation is really the whole topic of our life within the Church. She grants us Faith. She keeps and nurtures and forms it and we agree to accept every burden in return. It is literally the parable of the treasure hidden in the field and of the pearl of great price: nothing, definitely nothing, is too high a ransom.

That is why they are on a wrong scent, who fancy they might snatch all the tempting plums out of our cake, the interesting and the glamorous character, psychological niceties and artistic touches, liturgy and ritual, monasteries and saints, leaving us the stale and common dough, forbidding to fastidious palates—dogmatic constraint, compulsory morals and the ponderous and formidable machinery of clerical administration. They just miss the point, those clever eclectics, in spite of some dazzling successes in season. Blossoms plucked from the tree, however artfully strung on highbrow wires, do not make up a single living rosebush, with all its thorns and vermin and withered leaves, yet bursting into the glory of bud and flower after every winter and drought. Such lustiness of unquenchable life is not concocted in laboratories, nor can it be simulated on the long run, neither borrowed nor copied: it is just the primeval vigour of Truth believed, loved and lived.

How intensely does God's lavish wealth reveal itself to those who have resolved to pay the price for it—exceeding every effort, merit, overruling pettiness and cowardice and folly, bringing home to us, again and again, the marvellous story of the Multiplication of Loaves, that miracle that could not happen but in the throes of want and helplessness. And in one strange sense we love even the failures and gaps, for they ever remind us that we are but pilgrims on the way, that all the true splendour and grandeur of the Church is as yet only a hint, an outline, a foreboding of things to come and the veiled yet tremendously real Presence of God among us is but a shadow of the Kingdom of God which is, on the Day of Days, to supersede and to fulfil this earthly Church of ours. Inside Her we still live in the gloom of mystery from faith and hope and charity, not from sight, not from proof—and that is why we love her.

And now let me apologize for the length and the rambling awkwardness of this testimony. But then, who can speak duly of his love?

SAINT AND CINDERELLA

Jeanne de France

By D. H. MOSELEY

JEANNE, the daughter of King Louis XI, had every right to sign her name, as she invariably did, *Jehanne de France*. Nobody but a member of the royal family was *de France*. Jeanne was the descendant of a long line of kings, among whom were Saint Louis, and that monarch whom Saint Jeanne d'Arc saw crowned at Reims, Charles VII. King Charles VIII was her brother. And she believed herself to be the lawful wife of King Louis XII.

Her father and the young Duke of Orléans, later Louis XII, to whom she was promised when in her cradle, loathed the sight of her and avoided her ingeniously. From infancy she was left in obscure places, neglected, until she was forced into the limelight when Louis XII requested that his marriage to her be annulled, and she had to face judges and the public. After her marriage was declared void she retired to Bourges with the title of Duchess of Berry, and founded the Order of the Annonciades. There, at Bourges, she died, and was buried far from the Saint Denis tombs of her ancestors. During the Wars of the Huguenots in 1562 her earthly remains were scattered to the winds. It is not surprising that the French have referred to her as the *cendrillon* of the Valois family, a royal Cinderella. But it is Holy Mother the Church and not a fairy godmother who presents this Cinderella to the world as a lovely being to wonder at and revere. More than four and a half centuries will have passed when, on Pentecost Sunday 1950, she is finally canonized. Some will call her Saint Jane of Valois, but I think that, even in Heaven, she will prefer petitions addressed to Saint Jeanne de France.

Doubtless books about her will be written in English. Writers will have old chronicles, picturesque rather than accurate, on which to draw, those of Commynes, Guillaume de Villeneuve, Jean Bouchet and others. And they will consult French biographies in some of which Jeanne is nearly lost in the maze of history,

and Louis XII quite distorted by prejudice. Starting to pencil this sketch of her life, I find myself wondering how hagiographers will meet certain issues that even here cannot be avoided altogether by referring readers to Maulde-la Clavière's edition of the *Procès du divorce de Louis XII* in his volume *Procédures politiques du règne de Louis XII*, and to the clear accounts in John Cyprian Bridge's *History of France from the Death of Louis XI*. Even a sketch of Jeanne presents problems, for it is not fair to paint Louis XI as black as many writers do in this instance, nor to dub Louis XII a liar, and ascribe his procurement of separation with right to re-marry to the connivance of the wicked Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. Yet there can be no possible doubt that Jeanne was speaking the truth as she saw it when she said Louis was her lawful husband. She was so sure herself that, although she loved Louis' soul next to her own, she trusted him to take the oath which traditionally, as the oath of a consecrated King of France, required no other proof in canon law. He swore that the marriage had never been consummated. A contemporary, perhaps mindful of Jeanne's extreme youth and innocence at the time of her marriage, merely observed that the truth was known to nobody but God and the King.

These seem sad and sordid paragraphs with which to introduce the history of the little lame Princess, but the old formula for saints' lives will not serve for Jeanne's. She was not the beautiful and beloved child of doting parents. When her father, Louis XI, saw the pitiful malformed baby girl who had been born to his wife Charlotte of Savoy, 23 April, 1464, at his Château of Nogent-le-Rotrou near Chartres, he turned his back in disgust. He already had a daughter, Anne, a clever child; but no girl could succeed to the throne of France. Louis had wanted a fine, strong, straight son. And he had received, instead, a second daughter, a small thing whose tiny visage was woefully crooked, with heavy lips like his own, whose back was humped, who had one leg longer than the other. He did not know that she would have lovely fair hair, an expression of gentle patience and sweetness, and a truly beautiful voice. She was altogether disappointing, a poor acquisition for a monarch who believed in alliances among ruling families.

Louis rode away. The Queen would repair later to any château he chose. He was for ever riding from one part of the realm to another, and did not concern himself with a court. Charlotte kept the peace by being tractable and going where she was told to go. As for the baby, she would be in charge of Monsieur

and Madame de Linières, whose château was in the southernmost corner of Berry, near the town of Issoudun. She would see little of either her father or mother during the course of her life.

It is true that Louis XI had a good many matters on his mind in that spring of 1464, among them the recent conspiracy of his nobles, the League of the Public Weal, and the behaviour of the recalcitrant Duke of Burgundy. However, a princess was a princess. The ugly new baby might have a negative value if not a positive one. Jeanne was so far from being forgotten by her royal father that, before she was a month old, he and the Duke of Orléans (the poet Charles who had been so long a prisoner in England) had agreed to promise the Duke's two-year-old son Louis and newborn Jeanne to each other. The papers were drawn up and given to Jean de Rochechouart, 10 May, 1464, and were finally signed by him for the King, and by Charles, Duke of Orléans, at Blois, 19 May, 1464, in the presence of the notary Étienne Gendre.

It will be remembered that Charles of Orléans, who had married Marie de Clèves as his third wife, was the King's cousin. He was already an old man and destined to die within the year. His son might one day be King of France; it was exceedingly unlikely, but if Louis XI had no son, or if he had a son who died without male issue, Louis of Orléans would be the rightful heir. It did no harm to indulge the old Duke's vanity, and, naturally, Louis was not averse to keeping a potential successor, who might develop rebellious tendencies, within the family and under his thumb.

Little Jeanne was taken to the Duchy of Berry, which would be hers eventually, to grow up. Monsieur and Madame de Linières, who had charge of her, were of great distinction, and their castle was in pretty, wooded country. The castle had moat and drawbridge, large apartments and a huge court, and it had been a refuge for members of the royal family in time of war. Jeanne was sheltered and loved and not told many things which would have made her unhappy. Her allowance was too small for her needs, and Madame de Linières was hard put to it to keep her clothed; but she seems never to have been unkindly treated at Linières. Clad in threadbare garments, she played in the presence of her elders, and even before she reached the age of reason she must have heard that she would be married one day to a sturdy and rather handsome duke two years her senior. She doubtless heard that her fiancé was being brought up in much better style than

she, for his mother had almost a court at Blois. He had tutors and gentlemen-in-waiting, and was disciplined less than he was spoiled. The idea of marriage was evidently not distasteful to the child. True, she was devout, and had a great devotion to Our Lady. Had she not been a princess, she might have thought of being a religious, because she believed that the Blessed Virgin had promised that she would found an order in her honour. But she was a princess, and the will of her father, who had been consecrated at Reims, was her will.

It was easy for Jeanne to think of the King as holy and a hero, for it is said that she never saw him until it occurred to him that she was old enough to have a confessor. Then, going to the château, he sent for her, looked at her, and dismissed her immediately. The story goes that he dispatched M. de Linières to her bedroom that night to tell her that he wished her to decide on a confessor, and that she replied that she would let the King know the name of the priest of her choice the following morning after Mass. Her judgement was good, for she selected the Franciscan, Père de La Fontaine.

Jeanne was gentle and intelligent, very alert, with the ability to put things in a nutshell so characteristic of French girls. But her appearance was so painful, especially after she had smallpox, that strangers shrank from her. She was entirely aware of the impression she made, and it is possible that the dignified bearing, for which she was famous throughout her life, and the beautiful unforgettable voice, were deliberately cultivated to offset her looks. They stood her in good stead with the people of France, but they availed nothing with Louis XI and Louis XII.

Jeanne gleaned much of her information about her immediate family from hearing the household discuss news brought by travellers from the Loire country. It seems likely that she heard that her elder sister Anne, affianced to the Sire de Beaujeu, was already winning her father's approval for her common sense. And there must have been discussion of her young brother Charles, born six years after herself. At least he was a boy, although he, too, was sickly, with large head, high shoulders and spindle-legs. She probably heard it whispered that he was not too intelligent. But he was not being forced because of his uncertain health, and might turn out better than pessimists prophesied. If he lived, he would be Charles VIII, King of France.

Anne and Charles and Louis of Orléans were the young people

of her own generation with whose names Jeanne was familiar. Another Anne, to be known in history as Anne of Brittany, who would be the wife of Charles and then his widow, and for whose companionship and vast lands Louis XII would sacrifice this little *cendrillon*, was not yet born. Her shadow did not fall on the pictures that Jeanne possibly made for herself of the days when they all grew up. They would move from one château to another in the lovely land of the Loire, tarrying at Montils-les-Tours, Montils-les-Blois, Chinon, Amboise, Montrichard. They would go to Paris to see Saint Louis' gem-like Sainte-Chapelle and the beautiful Cathedral of Notre-Dame, and then journey out to Saint Denis to pray for the souls of their forebears. Such, I think, may have been the child's dreams when she sat looking at the flames in the chimney of the great hall at Linières, and tried to cover her ragged sleeves with an equally ragged mantle. The dreams may be all mine, but the rags undoubtedly belonged to Jeanne. Later she would receive 10,000 *livres* a year as a pension from Charles, and Louis XII would raise the amount to 30,000 after he was free to do so, but at the moment she was one of the principal victims of her father's parsimony.

Certainly she did not resent Louis XI's treatment of her, and she did not suspect the existence of a letter written by him to Dammartin when she was nine years old. The content of that letter was whispered about later, but not to Jeanne; to her it would come as a blow at a crucial moment. It was dated 27 September, 1473, and, somewhat modernized in spelling, it reads:

Monsieur le Grand maître. Je me suis délibéré de faire le mariage de ma petite fille Jeanne et du petit duc d'Orléans pour ce qu'il me semble que les enfants qu'ils auront ensemble ne leur coûteront guère rien à nourrir, vous avertissant que j'espère faire le dit mariage ou autrement ceux qui iront au contraire ne seront jamais assurés de la vie en mon royaume, par quoy il me semble que j'en ferai le tout à mon intention.

From that it seems that Louis XI thought that his daughter Jeanne would be childless. He went ahead with his plans.

In 1476 it was high time for the marriage. Jeanne was twelve years old. One day she received a visit from her fiancé's mother. Carefully coached by Madame de Linières, she met Marie de Clèves, the Dowager Duchess of Orléans, for the first time. The latter nearly fainted, and had to be excused from prolonging the visit. She had known that Jeanne was not a beauty, but she had

not been prepared to see a Princess of France appear as Jeanne did. She returned to Blois determined that, although she was almost entirely dependent on Louis XI's bounty, her son should not marry his daughter.

Needless to say, young Louis, who had heard of his fiancée's deformity, abetted his mother's decision. He was fourteen, gay, pleasure-loving, with an eye for the girls which he never lost. The mother did all in her power to convince the King that the match was unsuitable. The young Duke was openly defiant. Eventually the King sent for him, almost kidnapping him for the interview, and threatened him with drowning if he did not marry Jeanne. The lad had good cause to believe the King in earnest. His Majesty was not above having a subject sewed up in a sack and left to the river's mercy. The boy was frightened and capitulated. He was fourteen.

It had been necessary to procure dispensations for the marriage, for the children were cousins; and furthermore, Louis XI was the young Duke's godfather and had held him at the font. But these dispensations were in order, and if little Jeanne, who was not told of the quarrels in her regard, wondered why her approaching wedding was not to be the occasion of such festivity as had marked her sister Anne's in 1473, she may have ascribed the difference to the fact that Anne was older.

The place chosen for the nuptials was the chapel of the Château of Montrichard, about ten miles from Amboise, and the date, 8 September, 1476. The King absented himself, as the young Duke would have done most willingly; but, as a contracting party, he was expected to be present. He walked up and down and wept, and his good friend François de Brilhac, Bishop of Orléans, reminded him that he could still refuse. Louis retorted that that would mean his death, a truth which the prelate could not deny. So, before a very agitated and reluctant bishop, the troubled lad and the acquiescent little girl promised to be man and wife. Doubtless the little bride remembered that it was the feast of her dear Lady's nativity, and perhaps some of the guests recalled the verses written by the groom's father, Charles the poet:

*Priez pour paix, douce Vierge Marie,
Reine des cieux, et du monde maîtresse.*

But, even then, Louis probably thought of only one matter, how

he could break away from this timid, deformed child whom he was promising to love and cherish. There was some pretence of a wedding feast. At the first possible moment Jeanne's husband left her presence, going away in disgust as her father had gone from her cradle.

After her marriage Jeanne spent much of her time with Monsieur and Madame de Linières, who continued to be her devoted friends. Their château near Issoudun was far from the young Duke's at Blois; he could usually avoid his bride when she was in their care. Several times he was forced to visit her and to occupy the same apartment. Those visits were of the shortest duration, and his attitude was so keenly felt by Jeanne that, when M. de Linières suggested that she attempt to attract her husband, she replied that she could not expect a person so winning and handsome as he to regard her. She had, even then, not enough to dress well, but she knew the importance of doing so. Later, when she had her own funds, she had a dress of cloth of gold and gold-tooled slippers. Always she paid for everything she used, even her firewood. And the young Duke, whose father's heavy ransom had consumed practically the whole of his fortune, refused to take a *sou* of Jeanne's. From the very beginning, although he had not the courage to defy either his father-in-law or his brother-in-law, he would deny himself anything rather than even pretend affection for Jeanne.

The attitude of Louis on the day of his marriage to Jeanne was described by the Bishop of Orléans, when, as an old man, he was called to testify. And Sir Walter Scott had several contemporary documents on which to draw, as I did on the Bishop's deposition, when he wrote his imaginary description of the young couple in *Quentin Durward*. The passage is familiar. King Louis had just told the young Duke to lead Jeanne to her horse.

The unhappy Prince looked up, and shuddered like a child when forced to touch something at which it has instinctive horror; then making an effort, took the hand which the Princess neither gave nor withheld. As they stood, her cold damp fingers inclosed in his trembling hand, their eyes looking on the ground, it would have been difficult to say which of these youthful beings was rendered more utterly miserable—the Duke, who felt himself fettered to the object of his aversion by bonds which he durst not tear asunder, or the unfortunate young woman, who too plainly saw that she was an object of abhorrence to him to gain whose kindness she would willingly have died.

In his heart, of course, the King must have sympathized with the young man. He avoided Jeanne himself, and he told an intimate that, had he known the extent of Jeanne's deformity, he would not have insisted on the marriage.

Jeanne, however, mindful that all the necessary dispensations for her marriage to the Duke had been obtained, and that he and she had promised to be man and wife in the presence of the Bishop of Orléans, considered the contract valid, and demanded of herself perfect compliance. Some have claimed that she loved the Duke in a romantic fashion! She was an intelligent and sensitive girl, and it is far easier to conclude, with Maulde-la Clavière and Bridge, that nothing would have pleased her better than a separation. It is not irrelevant that she should be canonized in the middle of the twentieth century, the century of easy divorce.

But if Jeanne did not love her husband romantically, she did love her younger brother Charles with great tenderness. Probably from his very birth she thought of him as being as pitiable as herself. Since Queen Charlotte's favourite château was Amboise, near Blois, Charles and the young Duke, who was eight years his senior, had grown up as neighbours. They were congenial, and there was an affectionate camaraderie in their relations. Even this was destined to make Jeanne's hard way longer; for, when Louis XI died in 1483, and Charles, almost fourteen, succeeded to the throne, he took it for granted that his sister would want to live at his court. Indeed, he had apartments made ready for her, and there seemed no reason to him why his sister Anne and her husband, who soon became the Duke of Bourbon, and Jeanne and her husband, the Duke of Orléans, and he and the lady whom he would choose for his Queen some day, should not have a gay court, and an entirely young one, for his mother Queen Charlotte died that same year. Had Charles not been so affectionate, and Jeanne so willing to be with him and her sister Anne, Louis might have been less furtive in his attempts to attract the Pope's attention to his plight, and the whole matter might have been aired when Jeanne was twenty years old. Always, in thinking of Louis' lack of courage and of Jeanne's dignified acceptance of her situation rather than initiative to better it, not only the customs of the period must be remembered, but also the youth of all in the group.

Twenty-three-year-old Anne de Beaujeu, Charles' sister, whom his father had declared to be 'less of a fool than any woman in France', and whom some referred to as 'Anne de Beaujeu, King

of France', acted, according to her late father's expressed wish, as the young King's principal adviser. So Jeanne's sister and husband, just of an age, were quickly at odds. Louis, who would succeed to the throne if the sickly King died, was relegated to a place in the background not to his liking. And, of course, it was not long before he was intriguing with the powerful Duke of Brittany, getting taken prisoner, and shut up in dungeons. Heir to the throne and traitor to the crown! It was known that he had broached the subject of a marriage with Anne of Brittany if he could get his marriage annulled, and he was captured by Charles' general, La Tremoille, when actually fighting in battle against the latter's troops. Nobody could deny his part in the conspiracy and uprising.

Jeanne's position at court was difficult, to say the least. Between herself and Charles there existed true affection. Her relations with Anne and the latter's husband were of the kindest and friendliest. Her husband, who despised her, was their prisoner. Apparently there was never a doubt in her mind as to her duty. Whether he wanted her or not, her place was with her husband.

There is something very pathetic in the thought of the effort it took for Jeanne to journey from one prison to another to be received with utmost coldness. Even in his confinement Louis did not pretend to be glad to see this lame hunchback when she arrived wearied by a ride over bad roads. His behaviour was consistent. When Jeanne was lodged in his apartment in the great tower of Bourges it was undoubtedly the doing of his gaolers. She was not welcome, no matter where he was. There is a touching letter, written by Jeanne to her sister Anne, at some time during the three years of Louis' captivity, 'My sister, I beg of you to take my husband's cause to heart. . . .' And one or two of the old chronicles, notably that of Guillaume de Villeneuve, give word for word, in most naïve fashion, a plea, supposed to have been spoken by Jeanne to her brother Charles, in which she excused Louis' treatment of herself and begged for his freedom.

But it seems to have been Anne of Brittany rather than Anne of France or Jeanne of France who was indirectly responsible for Louis' being freed. Charles had decided that he would marry the heiress himself! He set out for his Château of Montrichard, presumably to hunt, for it was in the fall of the year. He sent to Bourges, freed Louis from the tower, embraced him by the roadside, and kept him to make merry at Montrichard. Then Louis,

with the best grace in the world, went to Langeais and signed Charles' marriage contract with Anne of Brittany. Anne had superb wedding finery, and, what is more, fell in love with the King! Charles was twenty-one by this time, and Anne de Beaujeu, Duchess of Bourbon, had the good sense to retire to her estates. That meant that the King and his cousin the Duke of Orléans, both of whom had claims to domains in Italy, were free to engage in the wars there which she, when 'King of France', had so determinedly opposed.

History has much to say about the autumn, winter and spring of 1494 and 1495. Alexander VI was Pope, anxious for the aggrandizement in Italy of his son Caesar Borgia. Savonarola was pleading for reform in Florence. Curiously enough, Charles was welcome to both pope and friar. He was more successful than anyone would have dreamed he would be in Naples, and, although he tarried too long *en route* back to France, made a safe entry. Louis, besieged at Novara, showed himself fearless and generous. Ill himself, he gave of his own sparse provisions to his hungry troops.

And Jeanne? It is said that she received a letter or two from Louis in which he addressed her '*M'amie.*' Perhaps it was the scribe who gave such a conjugal tone to the letters, or perhaps Charles VIII, now father of a small son and heir, had been making another effort to reconcile Louis to his marriage with Jeanne. Charles was not being an exemplary husband himself, and his lame wife who was pretty, and his lame sister Jeanne who was not, perhaps mourned together over their absent husbands' failings. But they must have rejoiced together over the young Dauphin, Charles Orlando, the first really promising Dauphin France had had in generations. He should have turned out well, with Jeanne for godmother and another saint, Francis of Paola, for godfather, but he was just a happy, thoughtless three-year-old boy when Charles and Louis reached France again in 1495.

Louis was given the task of governing Normandy, and went there.

Charles, who loved Amboise, became occupied with the thought of enlarging and beautifying the château.

Then little Charles Orlando died. He was not yet four.

The Queen gave birth to other children, but none lived.

Just when Louis had got into some difficulties which caused an inquiry in Normandy, and was in temporary retirement at Mon-

tils-les-Blois, the King met with an accident at Amboise and lived but a few hours. Louis, who had so often been heir to the throne only to see himself supplanted, suddenly learned that he was King. One of the first to render homage was Anne de Beaujeu, erstwhile *roi de France*.

Anne of Brittany promptly left Amboise for her own Duchy. And would Jeanne be Queen? No. Louis was crowned at Reims, Jeanne not even present, 27 May, 1498.

Perhaps it was Louis' refusing the crown to Jeanne that first drew public attention to her. Anyway, from that time the people of France were her champions. She was thought of as a saint by them long before Rome declared her Blessed.

Louis did not want her to let him go through the long annulment proceedings. He sent La Tremoille to ask her to make matters easy, and it is to La Tremoille's account of that interview, as reported by Jean Bouchet, that we owe much of our knowledge of Jeanne's character. His plea was couched in most courteous language, and so was her reply. She admitted that, did she think herself free to do so, she would most gladly give the King his way, but she considered herself his lawful wife. Her charm must have been great, for Jean Bouchet had received the impression from his master that hers was a *beau visage*.

Louis was now thirty-six. Jeanne was thirty-four. It was twenty-two years since as mere children they had made their vows at Montrichard. But Louis was King now and determined to be rid of Jeanne. The grounds on which he asked that the marriage be annulled were those expected: that he and Jeanne were within the forbidden degree of kindred, and also that there was a spiritual affinity because her father was his godfather; that he had been forced to marry Jeanne; that the marriage had never been consummated.

Less than three months after Louis' coronation Jeanne was summoned to appear at the Cathedral of Saint Gatien at Tours to show cause why her marriage should not be annulled. That church was the scene of Jeanne d'Arc's triumphant departure in her new armour for the campaign which ended with the coronation of Jeanne de France's grandfather at Reims. We cannot help contrasting the joyous health and buoyancy of the peasant girl with the gentle timidity of the princess. However, although Jeanne de France was frail and crippled, she knew how to hold her own, and it must have given her some confidence to realize that one of the

two Judges before whom she was seated was Louis of Amboise, Bishop of Albi. Apparently he was always her friend, and perhaps never more so than now, for he had a copy of the trial proceedings made, and preserved it in his cathedral archives. The other Judge was the Papal Nuncio. Alexander VI's bull was read to Jeanne. Her simple reply was in odd contrast. 'My lords, I am a woman and unacquainted with lawsuits,' she began; and then, in her memorable soft, deep voice asked both that they bear with her, and that they let no unnecessary answer prejudice her case nor profit the King's, and added that she begged that this protestation be inserted in the trial. Needless to say, the record carries it to this day. She did not ask that a description of herself be written there. Her dignity and restraint, her controlled voice and gentle manner, must have made of every session at which she was present a veritable agony for her friends. And although at first it might have seemed that she had no friends, for, naturally, lawyers were not anxious to take a case against their sovereign, she was finally defended more astutely than had been anticipated. Louis' claims that the dispensations were of no value because he did not ask for them were quite worthless, of course. Although it was well known that he had been forced to marry Jeanne, her defence made good use of his delay in requesting an annulment from the Pope, and of the possibility of belated consent. The sessions dragged through the autumn, and there were the inevitable waits that attend such a trial. Many of the depositions of witnesses were obtained from persons dependent on Louis' pleasure for their livelihood; nevertheless, an almost universal reverence for Jeanne was evident. That Jeanne would lose was practically a foregone conclusion, but since she had not been convinced by theologians that she might lawfully do so, she did not withdraw her defence. The Court was sitting at Amboise, Tuesday, 20 November, 1498, when King Louis XI's letter to Dammartin, the one written when Jeanne was nine years old, was produced. There was a distinct increase of excitement and interest. It proved nothing, of course. But it must have saddened Jeanne, who had somehow retained faith in her father through the years. Finally the defence stated that Jeanne, rather than submit to what she felt incompatible with her personal dignity, would abide by the King's oath. It will be recalled that Louis had been consecrated King in May, and that his oath would require no other proof. On 5 December, 1498, he swore that Jeanne had never been his wife. On 17 December, in the church

of Saint Denis at Amboise, the marriage was declared void. Father Gilbert Nicolas, probably in the company of Louis of Amboise, Bishop of Albi, carried the news to Jeanne. It could not have been a great surprise. Perhaps she realized that it was in some ways a great relief.

Jeanne received the Duchy of Berry, her appanage, with an annual pension of 30,000 *livres* from Louis. She retired to Bourges. It will be recalled that her grandfather had been known as the 'King of Bourges', but that he was at Chinon when Jeanne d'Arc recognized him as King of France. Well, it was Louis who was now at Chinon, and the messenger who arrived there with a grand retinue, a few days after the marriage was declared void, was Caesar Borgia, the son of Alexander VI. He brought Louis the necessary dispensation for a marriage with Anne of Brittany, the widow of Charles VIII.

Jeanne spent the six years of life that remained to her in governing her Duchy and in gathering about her a group of young women vowed to a life of penance and prayer. She sent her confessor, Gilbert Nicolas, later known as Father Gabriel Maria, to Rome to persuade the Cardinals who surrounded Pope Alexander VI to let her found her order. He had great difficulty in doing so, for there were so many old ones in need of reform. But Jeanne, declaring that there was nothing new in her rule, as it merely urged the imitation of the virtues of the Blessed Virgin, got it approved. Her Order of the Annonciades thus founded, she built a convent, and herself took the vows. After her death, various miracles of healing were ascribed to her. Her cause was introduced at Rome. Representations of her appeared, notably a truly charming little statue on a pillar of the porch of the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris, the church of the Kings of France. But the wonder of her rescuing from oblivion, of raising this little *cendrillon* to shine for the world, was left by the Church until our century. That is why we now call her Cinderella and Saint.

THE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE FRENCH REFUGEES

A Contribution to the History of Education in England

By W. J. BATTERSBY

IT is a curious fact that, while our standard histories of English Education pay considerable attention to the influence of French theories advocated by such people as La Chalotais at the time of the French Revolution, they pass over in complete silence the educational work of the refugees who sought shelter here. This work, however, was quite considerable, and part of it survives to this day. If there is little excuse for the general historian to ignore it, there is none whatever for Catholics to overlook this contribution to their cause in England, and it seems appropriate that a statement of the facts should be made.

The French Revolution caused the emigration of a whole host of clergy, religious and laity, to England. They surged across the Channel in three great waves; the first in 1792, the second two years later, and the third in 1797.

The movement began owing to a law of 26 August, 1792, by which priests who refused to accept the 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy' were obliged to obtain a passport and leave the country under pain of deportation.¹ Those who chose exile were required to state their destination, and were given an allowance of three 'livres' per day for the journey. This occasioned the departure of a large number of ecclesiastics for England and for other countries which would receive them.

When this first wave had spent its force, a second began as a result of the defeats of the French armies in 1794 after the defection

¹ The Civil Constitution of the Clergy was voted on 12 July, 1790, and a Decree ordering its acceptance on oath was signed by Louis XVI on 26 December. By Brief of 10 March, 1791, Pope Pius VI declared the principles of the Civil Constitution heretical and schismatical, and by Brief of 13 April he renewed the condemnation, and declared suspended all those who took the oath.

of Dumouriez. Fierce passions were aroused, especially in Paris, and a general effort to repel the enemy was accompanied by a misguided attempt to exterminate traitors within the country itself. Any suspect, whether from political or religious motives, was threatened with death. Many, in fact, were massacred in cold blood, but some escaped. To the number of refugees resulting from this outburst were soon added many more, already in exile, fleeing before the invading French armies, once again victorious in the Low Countries. Thus, the year 1794-5 saw this second wave reach our shore.

After a period of rest, a third and last contingent arrived after the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidore, whereby the Directory triumphed over the royalists' reaction. The news they brought of the affairs in France left little hope of a speedy return of the refugees, and these had perforce to face the prospect of a lengthy exile.

There is abundant evidence to show that the number of emigrant clergy exceeded 8,000. At their head was Monseigneur de la Marche, Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, and some thirty other prelates. The estimates of the number of laity vary somewhat. According to Charles Butler they numbered over 2,000. The Registers of the Alien Office for 1800, however, place the figure at 4,153.¹

The English people showed considerable sympathy towards the exiles. From the Catholics this was, of course, to be expected. The Vicar Apostolic of the London District, writing to 'all the Faithful, Clergy and Laity', says that 'the feelings of compassion which you have shown, and the corporal relief which you have given to the suffering clergy from France, have filled your Pastor with joy. Flying into this country from the horrors of a most dreadful persecution, they have been received by you with all the tenderness of Christian love; they have found their bowels refreshed and their wants supplied through your charity.'²

But Protestants, also, received them kindly. It was generally felt that the refugees had shown exemplary loyalty to their Sovereign, and had faced a tyrannical government with dignity and courage. When, therefore, an appeal was made for voluntary subscriptions, it met with a generous response. An address to the public was framed by Edmund Burke and inserted in all the newspapers. It produced £33,775. When this sum was exhausted,

¹ See *Historical Memoirs respecting the English, Irish and Scottish Catholics from the Reformation to the present time*, by Ch. Butler (Lond., 1819-21), Vol. IV, p. 373; and *The Times*, 15 March, 1800.

² See *Collection of Circulars*, British Museum (1891, ch. xi).

another subscription was set on foot the following year, and this produced £41,304, with the name of King George III heading the list. When finally the measure of private charity was exhausted, Parliament interposed and voted an annual sum for their relief.¹

For their accommodation public buildings at Winchester, Guildford, and other places were placed at their disposal. In addition to this, many found homes in private houses.

The exiles were astonished and impressed at this munificence. The clergy especially were surprised to find friendliness where they had thought to encounter hostility and prejudice. As a token of their gratitude they had a marble tablet engraved at the King's House, Winchester, with an inscription to His Majesty, and bearing the date 22 May, 1793.

In the *Lait's Directory* for the following year we read :

MDCCXCII & MDCCXCIII will be ever remarkable
in the annals of time.

Amidst the various nations which have afforded at once an asylum and succour to those French clergy, whom a strict adherence to their religion has exiled their native soil, England, beyond a doubt, must have the pre-eminence for generosity and compassion. During the course of September and October 1792, more than six thousand of these clergymen were received in either England, Jersey or Guernsey; nor was it long before their number was augmented to 8000. Great Britain has proportioned her munificence to the number of the suffering objects. By the benevolence of the government, the royal palace at Winchester has been fitted up in order to accommodate some of them with lodging and other necessities without expense. Already more than 660 are provided for there. The nation at large has opened a subscription, and every parish has contributed its part; the amount of which, in August 1793, was £67,000, and at the same epoch 4800 of these suffering exiles are supported by it. We might also mention £10,000 the donations of some charitable but nameless individuals without ever taking notice of the succours several of them have received in private families where they have been caressed almost like children of their own.

The material wants of the refugees were not the only concern of their benevolent hosts. In the hurry in which they had been forced

¹ In December 1793 £7,830 a month was allowed for 4,008 ecclesiastics, and £560 for 375 layfolk. The allowance for layfolk was subsequently raised to £1,000. By June 1806 the total sum expended by the Treasury was £1,864,825. See *Le Clergé Français réfugié en Angleterre*, F. X. Plasse (Paris & Brussels, 1886), Vol. I, p. 255.

to fly, many of them had left behind their books of prayer. To supply this want, the University of Oxford printed for them 2,000 copies of the Vulgate version of the New Testament, and the Marquis of Buckingham printed an equal number of copies of the same work at his own expense.¹

But the French refugees were not content to live idly on the charity of their hosts. Indeed, the allowance which was granted to them was hardly sufficient for their maintenance, and they had perforce to seek some means of livelihood. 'My companions in London all had occupations,' wrote Chateaubriand. 'Some went into the coal trade, others made straw hats, and others again taught French.'² 'The lay emigrants,' wrote Charles Butler, 'were chiefly composed of the provincial nobility. Their willing exertions to increase their small subsistence was truly honourable. With this view, magistrates became preceptors: painting, drawing and music were taught by ladies, who, in happier hours, had learned them for ornament.'³ Canon Baston, one of the exiles, assures us that the ecclesiastics were equally ingenious. 'A small number were tutors,' he writes, 'teachers in academies or boarding-schools giving lessons in French, Latin, mathematics, music and drawing. Most of them, however, took up tailoring, embroidering, watch-making, shoemaking and hat-making, or became scriveners, post-men or shop-assistants.'⁴

That some of the refugees should take up teaching was to be expected. Among the clergy there were several university professors, doctors of the Sorbonne, directors and professors of seminaries, and teachers of various French colleges. Among the religious were some Brothers of the Institute of St. John Baptist de La Salle, which, up to that time in France, 'was pre-eminent by reason of the number, wide distribution and success of its schools'.⁵ The nuns included an entire community of over thirty from Montargis, and a number of others belonging to teaching congregations.⁶ The layfolk contained very few teachers by profession, but there were

¹ *Journal historique et religieux de l'émigration et déportation du clergé de France en Angleterre*, by Abbé de Lubersac, Vicar-General of Narbonne, p. 69 (Lond., 1802).

² *Mémoires d'outre tombe*, t. II, p. 86.

³ Butler, *op. cit.*, p. 377.

⁴ *Mémoires historiques du Chanoine Baston, écrits en exil vers 1793*, quoted from F. X. Plasse, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 305-6.

⁵ *A Short History of Education*, W. Adamson (Camb., 1930), p. 238.

⁶ They are listed in an MS. entitled *Liste de MM. les Ecclésiastiques français qui pour obéir et se conformer au Bill des Aliens ont fait leur déclaration mais qui n'ont point encore obtenu la licence qu'ils demandent*, Public Record Office (T. 93. No. 26). They include: 10 Bernardines, 6 Benedictines, 4 Canonesses, 3 Dominican Nuns, 3 Augustinian Nuns, 4 Ursulines, 2 Visitandines.

many families with children of school age. Some arrangement for the education of these children was necessary.

In their desire to embrace some form of activity, the refugees were obliged to tread warily. Despite the generosity with which they had been received, and the zeal with which even the Protestant clergy had collected funds for their relief, the exiles had to beware of rousing religious prejudice. In a pamphlet entitled *Conduite à tenir par MM. les Ecclésiastiques Français Réfugié en Angleterre*, the French bishops warned their clergy that they were in a delicate position.¹ Articles in newspapers and magazines, written by members of the British public, revealed the fact that anti-Catholic feeling was not far below the surface. 'I know and respect many a Catholic,' wrote a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'I have cheerfully given my mite for the relief of the French emigrant clergy; but I wish you to put our legislators upon their guard, that they may not go too fast in their concessions to people of that religion neither here nor in Ireland; in some instances already, I believe, they have had reason to repent of their confidence; and permit me to assure them, that Popery is the same it ever was . . .' etc., etc.² In a sermon preached before the House of Lords, the Bishop of Chichester remarked: 'As fellow creatures, they are entitled to humanity; as unfortunate we owe them relief; as exiles we give them refuge; but whilst Christianity abhors persecution and enjoins universal benevolence, let us take care that tenderness do not blind us to the dissemination and prevalence of their dogmas in religion. . . . Let us not forget the spirit of Papal Rome, her unscriptural tenets, her idolatrous practices, her slavish impositions . . .' etc., etc.³ The author of *Pursuits of Literature* was even more acrimonious:

Lo Confessors, in every hamlet found,
With sacred sisters walk their cloyster'd round
There read the list: and calm the fate expect,
When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.
Think you, their hate unquench'd can e'er expire?
The torch not tipt with sleeping sulphurous fire?
Their doctrines round a careless land are blown;
They blast the cottage, and would sap the throne.⁴

And in a lengthy footnote we read: 'I propose these questions:

¹ *Collection of Circulars*, Brit. Mus.

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1795, p. 129.

³ *Ibid.*, Feb. 1799, p. 142.

⁴ *Pursuits of Literature*, by T. J. Matthias, Pt. III (1796), II, ll. 119-126. This work was very popular and went through sixteen editions by 1812.

How far are the ministers of the public treasury of any Protestant kingdom justified in issuing large sums of money for the express purpose of maintaining emigrant Catholic priests as a Body . . . ?' etc.

In the sphere of Education, the situation was particularly delicate. Up to the time of the first Relief Act in 1778, any Catholic exercising the function of schoolmaster was liable to life imprisonment; and it was only in 1791, scarcely a year before the arrival of the first batch of French emigrants, that Catholic education had been placed on a legal basis. The Relief Act of that year stated that

'no ecclesiastic or other person professing the Roman Catholic Religion, who shall take and subscribe the Oath of Allegiance, Abjuration and Declaration, herein before mentioned and appointed to be taken and subscribed, shall be prosecuted in any Court whatsoever for teaching and instructing Youth, as Tutor or schoolmaster'.¹

But Catholic education thus legalized was still restricted by certain conditions. The Act forbade

any person professing the Catholic Religion to obtain or hold the Mastership of any College or school of Royal Foundation, or of any other endowed College or school for the Education of youth, or to keep a school in either of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Provided also, and be it further enacted by the authority of the aforesaid [continued the Act] that no schoolmaster professing the Roman Catholic Religion shall receive into his school for Education the child of any Protestant father.

No Catholic, therefore, could teach before taking the prescribed Oath, and it was further stipulated that

no person professing the Roman Catholic Religion shall be permitted to keep a school for the Education of youth until his or her name and description as a Roman Catholic Schoolmaster or Schoolmistress shall have been recorded at the Quarter or General Session of the Peace of the County or Place where such a school shall be situated.

A special section of the Act related to religious Orders.

Nothing in this Act contained shall make it lawful to found, endow, or establish, any Religious Order or Society of persons bound by monastic or Religious vows; or to found, endow or establish any school, Academy or College by persons professing the Roman Catholic Religion within the Realms or Dominions thereunto belonging; and that all Uses, Trusts, and Dispositions

¹ Statute 31st George III, 1791.

whether of real or personal property, which, immediately before the said 24th day of June 1791 shall be deemed to be superstitious or unlawful, shall continue to be so deemed and taken, anything in this Act contained notwithstanding.

Such were the limitations within which not only the French refugees but all the Catholics of England were confined. The Act which imposed them was indeed a relief to Catholics who, for over two centuries, had endured the most bitter persecution, but it could hardly have impressed the foreign exiles as a very liberal measure.

One immediate effect of the Relief Act was to bring into the light the Catholic schools which had hitherto existed in intentional obscurity, and the schoolmasters and mistresses who laboured in them. The *Laitie's Directory* published a list of schools for the first time in 1791. It included six boys' schools and eight girls' schools. Obviously, these were only the higher-class type of school where the fees ranged from eleven guineas at Mr. Jones' establishment at Bridzor, and twenty-five guineas at Old Hall Green and at Mr. Beesley's, Isleworth. Ordinary parochial schools would not be included. But even when we make allowance for this, it is clear that the number of Catholic schools was extremely small before the return of the colleges and convents from the Continent in 1794-5, and this fact must be borne in mind when we come to estimate the importance of the work of the French refugees.

For these, the best course was to find a post as tutor in a family or a position as teacher in an established school. Hence we find Abbé Lainé, for instance, teaching the children of the Lord Mayor of London up to May 1795, after which date he had pupils at Enfield Chase, and later still at Finsbury Square.¹ Jean Marie de Cheverus, former curé of Mayenne, taught French in a Protestant school at Tottenham in 1793, and afterwards became a private tutor.² We know also that Abbé Bachelier taught at Cantsfield,³ and from Charles Butler we gather that Abbé Buée was the best teacher of Algebra in the London area.⁴ There were some French emigrant priests helping Fr. William Cowley in his school at Vernon Hall, Liverpool, where the pupils were taught reading and writing; the English, French, Latin and Greek

¹ See the Bouillon Papers; Public Record Office, P.C. 1/115, H.O. 69/35.

² See F. X. Plasse, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 303.

³ Catholic Record Society, Vol. IV, p. 323.

⁴ Butler's MS. Letter Book, Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 25127. Correspondence dated 10 Aug., 1809.

languages; elocution, arithmetic, bookkeeping and mathematics; and where they were given a daily lecture on morality from the New Testament, and weekly lectures on history, sacred and profane, and on geography.¹ With regard to François Longuet, a priest who had completed his studies and had been ordained in England, we are told that 'he not only supported himself by his own labours, but from what he earned by teaching French at Reading and in the neighbourhood, he raised the means of establishing a new chapel for the congregation and an adjoining house for the clergyman'.² Joseph Chevrollais, a Vincentian Father, former professor of Theology in the seminary of Tréguier, earned £25 a year as French teacher in a school at Edmonton before undertaking parish work at Stratford in 1809, where he built a new church and two schools.³ Finally, we might notice Casimir Racine, one of the lay emigrants, a teacher by profession, whom, significantly enough, we find living at Kensington Gravel Pits, where Mr. Usher had a school.⁴

The educational work of some of the emigrant clergy, however, took on a more ambitious character. In Jersey, where over 3,000 of them were gathered at first, Abbé Le Roussel, former Superior of the seminary of Evreux, established a school of his own.⁵ Abbé Cabrye accepted a government appointment as teacher of mathematics and navigation at the naval school for emigrant sailors.⁶ Most important of all were the schools of Abbé Carron. In June 1793 Carron opened two establishments for the children of the emigrants. These schools were free, and in the one for boys there were two classes, the more advanced of which was taught by Carron himself. In August 1796, when the French refugees were transferred to England, these schools went to Tottenham Court Road.⁷

In London the work of Carron took larger proportions. Poor children of English Catholics were admitted to his schools, and a

¹ *Laity's Directory*, 1794.

² Cath. Rec. Soc., Vol. XXXII, p. 133. Abbé Longuet was assassinated at Reading on 20 February, 1817.

³ See F. X. Plasse, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 311.

⁴ See 'Descriptive List of Laity', Pub. Rec. Off. T. 93/28. N. B. Usher was at Kensington until about 1793, when he went to Gloucester and undertook the education of some half-dozen young gentlemen. See *Laity's Directory*.

⁵ A statement of accounts for this school, and a programme of a prize-giving ceremony presided over by Prince Philippe de Bouillon in 1799, are in the *Bouillon Papers*, Pub. Rec. Off. P.C. 1/121.

⁶ Pub. Rec. Off. P.C. 1/115.

⁷ *Vie de l'Abbé Carron*, par un Benedictin, Vol I, p. 299 (Paris, 1866).

third establishment was created, *Maison de Conférence*, a school for boys who intended to study for the priesthood.¹ When Abbé Carron moved to Somers Town in 1799, the poor schools followed him. They were opened in September, and soon there were sixty pupils in each. The boys' school was taught by two priests and some assistant masters. These, we are told, 'were all military men, decorated with the Cross of St. Louis. Some of them taught Latin, drawing and mathematics; others took supervision.'² The girls' school was taught by four English ladies.

At Somers Town two more schools were set up, this time academies for middle-class pupils. In one were fifty boys and an elaborate staff consisting of a Prefect, an assistant Prefect, four teachers for Latin and French, a mathematics master, a writing master, and other teachers for languages, drawing, music, fencing and dancing. Rhetoric was taught by M. du Bourblanc, *Premier Avocat Général* of the Parlement of Brittany. A number of the masters were Chevaliers of the Order of St. Louis. The girls' school had fifty pupils, also, and on the staff of seven ladies there were two English schoolmistresses.³

The examinations were made with some solemnity by distinguished ecclesiastics. We hear of Abbé de Chateaugiron, former professor of the college of Rennes, attending these functions, and Abbé Laisné, professor of Philosophy of Fougères, presiding at the discussion of theses.⁴ From the examination lists, and from the testimony of Abbé de Lubersac, we find that there were English and Irish pupils at these academies besides French emigrants.⁵

Specifically for French boys was the Penn School founded by Edmund Burke. Tyler's Green House, a building of vast dimensions formerly belonging to General Haviland, was arranged for the reception of sixty pupils, and the Bishop of St. Pol de Léon appointed a staff of ecclesiastics under Abbé Maraine. The school was opened in April 1796 and it continued for twenty-four years.⁶ The establishment of this school, which was planned on the lines of the university colleges in France, was made possible thanks to the financial assistance of the Marquis of Buckingham, Pitt, who

¹ There were some 25 pupils under M. Bertauld, former Rector of Béchel.

² *Vie de l'Abbé Carron*, Vol. II, p. 93.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 79.

⁵ *Journal historique et religieux*, p. 79.

⁶ In 1820 Abbé Maraine returned to France with the boys. Among the teachers at this school were: Jean-Etienne Lefèvre, former seminary Director, Jean-Louis Merlin, and Charles-Gabriel Le Chevalier.

granted a pension of £600, and William Windham. After 1814, however, it was maintained by the Restoration Government.¹

A school specifically for English-speaking boys was set up in 1801 by Abbé de Broglie, 'in the village of Kensington near London'.² This priest came to England from Vienne with the settled intention of forming a congregation of priests from among the emigrant clergy, on the model of the Jesuits, and whose aim would be to teach. The author just quoted, writing in 1802, states that 'the co-operators of Abbé de Broglie already numbered twelve or fifteen, and that they had over forty pupils, which number was likely to reach one hundred very soon'. It was not difficult, he says, to find among the numerous priests in London at this time a staff of teachers well qualified in Latin and Greek, modern languages, and the various branches of knowledge.

Two efforts made by the lay emigrants to found schools deserve notice. There were, as we have mentioned, some eminent lawyers and judges of the French courts among the exiles. One of these, M. de Barentin, *Chef de la Justice* and Keeper of the Seals, with the help of the English Chancellor, Lord Loughborough, established a school of law in London in 1799. The services of M. du Bourblanc, the distinguished member of the Breton Parlement, were secured, and the British Government granted a special allowance to the young men who followed the courses of Roman Law and principles of French justice which were given there. The pupils numbered forty-four.³

From the *Laity's Directory* for 1792 we find that Mr. Desailly established a French Academy at Hammersmith. In the returns of the Papists who took the Oath of Allegiance in Middlesex that year, James Geoghegan is listed as a teacher at this school.⁴

Before concluding this survey of the educational work of the emigrant clergy and laymen, mention must be made of the services rendered by French priests in the reconstruction of the Irish College at Maynooth on its return from the Continent in 1795. On the staff were several eminent ecclesiastics including Louis-Giles de la Hogue, Professor of the Sorbonne, François Anglade, Licentiate of the Sorbonne, and Pierre-Justin Delort, Professor of the College of Bordeaux.

¹ As the boys were under fifteen, they were entitled to the government grant. We find twelve boys of the Penn School listed in the Register of French emigrants at Jersey receiving £1-11-6 each. Pub. Rec. Off. F.O. 95/602.

² Lubersac, *op. cit.*, p. 148.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 159.

⁴ Pub. Rec. Off. P.C. 1/19. A. 23.

Closely connected with educational work, moreover, was the publication by French priests of school textbooks. Abbé de Levisac composed a French Grammar which was much used at the time. M. le Marie produced Chronological Tables for the study of History. Of a more erudite character were Abbé Hurt's works on the theory of the Universe, and Abbé Barruel's classical *Histoire du Clergé de France pendant la persécution*. Some of the more learned among the emigrant priests gave lectures which were afterwards published. Thus, Abbé de la Rue's 'Dissertations' on the literature of the thirteenth century were printed.¹

We must now turn to consider the work done in the sphere of education by the French refugee nuns. In his appeal to the British public, Edmund Burke had pointed to the 'thousands of respectable religious women, most engaged in the education of persons of their own sex, and other laudable occupations who have been deprived of their estates, and expelled from their houses, in which they had purchased a property by the portions given them by their parents'.² And Charles Butler had emphasized another aspect of the situation when he wrote: 'the French philosophers had unceasingly predicted that the doors of the convents would be no sooner opened, and their inmates legally emancipated from their vows, than they would rush to freedom, marriage and dissipation. Of this there was hardly an instance; while the conduct of an immense majority invariably showed how sincerely they despised both the blandishments and the terrors of the world which they had quitted. Some of them braved persecution, and even death itself, in its most hideous form. . . . Throughout their dispersion, the nuns retained undiminished their attachment to their religious rule. Whenever opportunity offered, they formed themselves into bands for its observance; and the isolated individual seldom failed to practise it to the utmost of her power.'³

Three establishments set up by the refugee nuns deserve notice. The Ladies of St. Francis of Sales organized a boarding school at Salesian House, Fulham Road, where, according to their prospectus, the pupils were taught the principles and practice of their religion; the English, French and Italian languages; history, geography; useful and ornamental needlework; writing, arithmetic and drawing. Dancing and music were taught as extras.⁴ The

¹ In *Archæologia*, Vol. XIII.

² *Memoir of the life and character of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke*, by Sir James Prior (Lond., 1824), p. 575.

³ Butler's *Memoirs*, Vol. IV, pp. 378-9.

⁴ *Laisy's Directory*, 1798 and 1800.

Bernardine Dames from the Abbey des Prés at Douai went to Pentonville, and occupied 'Cumming House'. Here, according to their prospectus, they boarded and educated young ladies on the same plan they were in such esteem for at Douai.¹

The most important establishment, however, was that of the Benedictine Nuns of Montargis at Bodney Hall. The Abbess, Madame de Levis Mirepoix, had made a brave resistance to the revolutionaries when they attempted to enter her convent by force, and she had led her community of thirty nuns to England with the first batch of refugees in 1791.² The choice of Bodney as their place of refuge was probably determined by the presence in the community of Anne Swinburne of Capheaton, the sister of Mary, wife of Edward Bedingfeld.³

The prospectus was published in the *Laity's Directory* and is worth quoting at length:

Bodney Hall (it reads) is opened for the education of Young Ladies in every branch of useful knowledge becoming the delicacy of their sex. The recent history of the ladies of Montargis, cannot be unknown to any one the least conversant in public affairs; and their reputation for instruction is so well established not only in France but with many families of the first distinction in England, that it needs no further eulogium. They are ambitious of being useful to a nation so generous, who received them in their distress, with such unbounded charity and benevolence; and whilst they eat their bread with thankfulness, they are happy in a tender of their services to the British people; the plan they followed with so much success at Montargis will be continued; other particulars, with their pension, may be known, by letters addressed to Madam de Levis Mirepoix, at Bodney Hall, near Brandon, Norfolk, or the Rev. Mr. Talbot, No. 28, King Street, Holborn.

The community experienced the death of four of its members within a few years, including Anne Swinburne. Nevertheless, it took firm root in England. Eventually, it was transferred to Heath Hall, in Yorkshire, and then to Princethorpe in 1833, where it remains to this day with a flourishing school.

¹ *Laity's Directory*, 1798. According to W. J. Pinks, 'the house was taken over by Mme. Florence, who presided over a small establishment of nuns in connection with a Roman Catholic seminary for young ladies', and she would have left the house in 1806. *History of Clerkenwell* (Lond., 1865), p. 510.

² For the 'Discours de Mad. de Levi Mirepoix, Abbesse des religieuses bénédictines de Montargis, âgée de vingt sept ans, en réponse aux officiers du district de cette ville, entrant par force dans sa maison', see Brit. Mus. *French Revolution*, Vol. II (Ordres Religieuses), F.R. 147.

³ Cath. Rec. Soc., Vol. VII, p. 207.

In 1802, with the more settled state of things in France, the bulk of the refugees returned to their country. Much of the work which they had undertaken in this country was abandoned or transferred to France. Some, however, remained. When Abbé Carron left, he confided his schools to Abbé Nerinckz, whom he had trained and who had been ordained in England. Under his guidance the work continued, and in 1830 the Viscountess of Bonnault d'Houet came to his assistance. On 16th November it was handed over to her and the nuns of the congregation of the Faithful Companions of Jesus whom she had founded.¹

The author of *Biographical Memoirs of the late Bishop of Leon*, writing in 1807, remarked:

It is singular that, during so long a period of residence of many thousand French priests in this country, there should have been so little complaint of their conduct, especially when 7 or 800 were collected together in one part of the Kingdom, viz. at Winchester. . . . There were indeed, reports to their disadvantage, of the attempts made at that place to make converts, and of ordinations carried on there: but on the strictest and minutest inquiry, it appeared there had been only one instance of improper conduct in a miserable priest, a M. Couvet not residing in the King's House but in the town, who was immediately removed, and afterwards sent out of the Kingdom.²

The allusion of the writer to reports concerning the efforts of the emigrant priests to make conversions requires some explanation. Many accusations were made, in fact, on this score, and they were not levelled at the clergy only, but at the nuns as well. 'Is it necessary to lodge a formal complaint before His Majesty's Ministers,' wrote a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 'that to the nunneries of the Western counties no small addition of converts has been made, and is daily making, of which every fresh traveller into those parts can give evidence?'³

On 22 May, 1800, Sir Henry Mildmay introduced a Bill in the House of Commons to regulate the matter. In doing so,

he adverted to the French Revolution and stated that in consequence of that great and awful event, there had been a great influx of Roman Catholics into this country. . . . It became the house, he said, to advert to some consequences incident to having such a numerous body of priests amongst us. Monastic institutions had

¹ See *Life of Viscountess de Bonnault d'Houet*, F. Stanislas (Lond., 1913).

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1807, p. 294.

³ *Ibid.*, 10 April, 1800.

been founded, and were daily extending; they had already, in fact, some influence on the minds of the people; and according to the practice of the Catholic countries, some of them had undertaken the education of youth. In addition to this, he knew many instances where the priests had perverted the subjects of the country from their orthodox faith; and he deemed it highly expedient that these practices should be crushed in their infancy.

He therefore moved that

the residence of certain persons in this country in monastic institutions should be allowed subject to the provisions of the Alien Act, but that the admission of any new members should be prohibited. The names of the present residents should be returned to the Quarter Sessions. . . . That all persons who professed the educating of Romish Youth should return a list of their pupils' names to the Justices in the Sessions, and also the names and places of residence of their parents; and that the seminaries should be liable to the visitation of the Justices at all times.¹

In the debate which followed, Mr. Newbolt stated that he could confirm the fact of many persons being induced to leave the Protestant Profession by the persuasions of the Catholic priests, and that a considerable degree of alarm had prevailed in the country upon the subject. Mr. Hobhouse quoted a statute of James I which made it treason to reconcile any to the see of Rome, and Mr. Jones said that he had lately seen nearly the whole Bench of Bishops assembled and that they agreed with him that it was very necessary that something should shortly be done.

The matter threatened to take a serious turn, in spite of the fact that some, like Mr. Windham, did not think that there existed any necessity for such a measure, and that 'the truth was that the persons aimed at by the Bill were singularly devout and inoffensive'.² A circular was sent round to the twenty convents of English nuns which had recently returned from the Continent, asking how many persons there were in the community; how many novices had been received since their return to England; how many of these novices were converts; how many boarders there were in the school; whether there were any Protestant children; and whether the school was registered under the Act of 1791.³

¹ Reported in *The Times*, 23 May, 1800.

² *The Times*, 24 May, 1800.

³ The Returns to the official questionnaire are set out on a broadsheet. *Brit. Mus.*, Add. MSS., 37879., f. 195.

Lord Arundell wrote from Wardour Castle on 14 June to Windham, asking him to use his influence to prevent an obnoxious measure being passed against the Catholics.

If they (the Emigrant Ladies) are not allowed to keep up a succession of Members, he said, they must drop at last, and consequently our Families would have no place for ye Education of their children. . . . These Ladies are peaceable subjects and do in no ways interfere with Politicks, or can it be supposed that they who are retired from ye world can have any intercourse to making converts. As for ye Education, it is merely for Roman Catholick Children. I believe not one of these Establishments have taken a single child of ye Protestant Religion of which there is as much truth of their having done as our newspapers tell us, that ye French Clergy have induced 2000 Servant Maids to embrace ye Roman Catholick Faith. From my own knowledge I know that some Communities have positively refused children of Protestant parents when they have been offered and urged to receive them and never have gone beyond what Parliament allows for ye Education of Roman Catholick Children only.¹

Lord Petre wrote from Park Lane on 17 June in the same strain. He gave the results of inquiries which he had made himself into the activities of nuns, and he concluded by asking Windham's support for a

Religion the Professors of which are at this day unanimously acknowledged to be as good and loyal subjects as any in his Majesty's Dominions, for all that, they are by the intended Bill to be marked as a dangerous people by restrictive regulations—by their children being registered at the quarter sessions—and by their Houses of education being made liable to inquisitorial visitations.²

Charles Butler, the Catholic lawyer, took an active part in providing evidence against the supporters of the Bill.

I have seen Mons. Fleury, the french priest who was ordered from the neighbourhood of Winchester (he writes). He lived at some miles distant from Winchester where there were a very few Roman Catholics. . . . He permitted the Roman Catholics to attend his chapel, and catechized their children; but he did not catechize any who had not been born, baptized and educated Catholics. He has shown me some letters from some of the principal persons of the neighbourhood, expressing the highest esteem for him and the great concern at his being obliged to quit the country.³

¹ *Windham Papers*, Vol. XXXVIII, Brit. Mus., Add. MSS., 37879.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Eventually, this affair, which might have had very bad consequences for the Catholic body in general, and for Catholic schools in particular, petered out. Had the impression created by the emigrant clergy been other than good, the result would have been almost certainly disastrous.

The following tribute to their memory may fittingly conclude this account of their work in the sphere of education. It occurs, aptly enough, in the *Life of Milner*, the man who, better than anyone else, was able to appreciate the true worth of the emigrant priests. Milner was sent to Winchester in 1777, and for twenty-three years laboured there surrounded by the French exiles.

We cannot but admire and bless the mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence in our favour (writes the distinguished biographer), for, just at that critical time when our seminaries had failed, and no prospect appeared of our being able for a long time to come to complete the education of our clergy with our very limited means at home, a large number of those French priests, who had been driven as exiles upon our shores, had remained in England and preferred to labour as best they could in our poor missions rather than to return to their own country. Gladly did our Bishops welcome these worthy men and employ them in the work of the holy ministry. They were zealous and exemplary; and incalculable was the good which they effected in this country.¹

¹ *The Life of the Rt. Rev. John Milner, D.D., Bishop of Castabala*, by F. C. Husenbeth (Dublin, 1862), p. 95.

ST. THOMAS MORE'S LONGEST BOOK

By W. E. CAMPBELL

ST. THOMAS MORE was still Lord Chancellor when in 1532 he began the longest book he ever wrote, *The Confutation*: and he finished it in 1533 after his resignation. It has never been reprinted since it formed part of More's *English Works*, published in 1557. Few people nowadays have the time or perhaps even the inclination to read it, not only on account of its great length, running to some 460,000 words, but because it is printed in black-letter type so very trying to the eyesight. But nevertheless it is a mine of Catholic teaching, written by a layman for laymen, and stated over against the Protestant contentions of William Tyndale, better known as the translator of the New Testament, a version which provided the substantial basis of the Authorized version of 1611.

'More' (as he proclaimed himself) 'was undoubtedly a great enemy to heretics,' wrote Dr. James Gairdner, perhaps the best-informed and most temperate writer among non-Catholic historians, 'but More gave effect to his enmity in methods strictly legitimate, and nothing that he ever did was tainted with inhumanity.'¹ Dr. Gairdner also said in another book² that 'More's intention in writing this great controversial work was to preserve the Catholic order of life as it had long existed in European Christendom. All right-minded men,' he continues, 'will favour the preservation of order, opposing every lawless attempt to break it up and destroy its sanctions. . . . More saw what was at stake, and endeavoured, so far as he could, to save the King (Henry VIII) from the effects of his own recklessness. But his chief aim was to save religion itself from insult, and public morals and social order from being subverted.' It is as true in our day as it was in his that the subversion of the social order always begins with an assault on revealed religion.

One of More's chief contentions was that the social and moral order can only find an enduring basis on religious certitude, such indeed as God has provided for all Christian men and women in 'the known Catholic Church of Christ'.

It must needs be, he writes, that there is by God provided and left some surety as may bring us out of all perplexity. And this is . . .

¹ *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, c. viii, p. 131. Cf. also R. W. Chambers, *Thomas More*, pp. 216, 274-82, 329, 367-8.

² *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, Vol. I, pp. 508-9.

His Holy Spirit sent and left perpetually with His Church, to lead it so by His own promise ever into all necessary truth, that whoso hear and believe His Church may be sure that he cannot be deceived, but that if a false teacher would lead men out of the right faith the Church of Christ shall reprove him and put the people in certainty. For which cause Saint Paul saith that the Church is the firm establishment and the pillar of truth for the inviolable surety of doctrine. And therefore that can never be no Church but a *known Church*.

The true Church of Christ . . . is the common known Church of all Christian people not gone out or thrust out. This body mystical of Christ, this Catholic Church, is that body that is animated, hath life spiritual, and is inspired with the Holy Spirit of God that maketh them of one faith in the House of God, by leading them into the consent of every necessary truth of revealed faith, be they in conditions and manner never so sick, as long as they be conformable and content in unity of faith to cleave unto the body. Of this Church we cannot be deceived while we cleave to this Church, since this Church is it unto which God hath given His Spirit of Faith, and in this Church both good and bad profess one faith. For if any profess the contrary faith, be it any one man or any one country, they be controlled, noted and reprov'd by the whole body and soon known from the whole body. . . . And when they teach the contrary, then are they, as I say, reprov'd openly by the body and either reformed and cured, or else cut off from the body, and cast out thereof. So that this Church is known well enough, and therefore may be well used as a sure judge for to discern between the true doctrine and the false, and discerning of the true word of God, *written or unwritten*, from the counterfeit word of man, and in the discerning of the right understanding of the scripture of God, as far forth as of necessity pertaineth unto salvation.¹

In trying to extract the marrow from this great bone of contention, as the *Confutation* may be truly called, I shall be content to touch on the salient points of More's argument against Tyndale, Luther and Protestantism in general. More clearly defines the nature of true faith in another place:

If all the faith of such truths as are taught were in such wise inspired into every man's heart that is a faithful man as he by that inward inspiration had such full, perfect and clear perceiving thereof in the inward sight of the understanding as the bodily eye hath of the thing that it plainly seeth and looketh upon, or as the sight of the soul hath in such evident and open conclusions as it doth plainly and openly behold, such I mean as are the general petitions in the first book of Euclid's geometry, as that every whole thing is more than its own half, or such other like, then would I agree with Tyn-

¹ *English Works*, pp. 527-8.

dale that when the thing was so showed unto my wit, I could not but agree thereto with my will. But I say that albeit God is able in such wise to inspire and infound the faith, if that Him list, yet I say that ordinarily unto his faithful folk . . . he giveth not the belief of faith in that fashion. For if He did, then were it not faith nor belief but very sight and knowledge. And such kind of so certain and open revelation . . . it seemeth were neither thankworthy nor regardable. . . .

Now doth God, with his Christian folks, ordinarily take that way in the giving of them their belief and faith that though they do not merit with any foregoing good deeds, nor deserve the gift of believing, yet may they with good behaviour and obedient conformity deserve and merit in the believing.

And therefore since God will not for that cause bind us to the belief, because He will that we merit and be rewarded for our belief, the reason of which desert and merit on our part standeth in the respect and regard that God hath to our obedience, by which we willingly submit ourselves to the credence of God's word, unwritten or written . . . And this is the ordinary manner of the faith given by God unto the soul, with the pliable and conformable will of man, and not an inevitable sight of the truth inspired into the man whether he will or not, in such a manner that he cannot choose but believe it, as is plain and evident from the scriptures.

And therefore (concludes More) *let not Tyndale look to bring us into darkness, and because man's will can do nothing without grace, therefore tell us that man's will can nothing do, nor tell us neither that man's will hath no part in belief in faith.*¹

Here More touches the Achilles heel of all Tyndale's teaching, and of Luther's too. Since God does all and man nothing whatsoever towards sin or towards virtue, and there is no merit or demerit in any of man's actions, what an incitement to human licence of every description! 'And this,' writes More, 'they call the liberty of the gospel, to be discharged of all order and of all laws, and do what they list, which, be it good or bad, be, as they say, nothing but the works of God wrought in them. But they hope by this means God shall for the while work in them many merry pastimes.'² All this, of course, was but a repetition of Luther's own teaching summed up in his own words '*Pecca fortiter, et crede firmius.*'³ 'Sin courageously, believe more firmly, and you will be saved.'

We now come to More's consideration of a very important part of Tyndale's teaching. 'This false *feeling faith* which he hath taken of Luther.'

'There are two manner faiths,' Tyndale writes, '*an historical faith and a feeling faith.* The historical faith hangeth upon the truth and honesty

¹ E. W., pp. 583-4.

² *Dialogue*, Bk. IV, c. 8, E. W., p. 276.

³ Cf. Hartman Grisar, *Luther*, Vol. III, p. 196.

of the teller, or of the common fame and consent of many; as if one had told me that the Turk had won the city, and I believed it, moved with the honesty of the man. Now if there came another that seemeth more honest, or had better persuasions that it is not so, I think immediately that he lied, and lose my faith again. And a *feeling faith* is as if a man were there present where it was won, and there were wounded, and had there lost all he had, and were taken prisoner there also—that man should be so believed that all the world could not turn him from the faith.'

'Of a feeling faith it is written (John vi) "They shall be taught of God"—that is, God shall write it in their hearts with His Holy Spirit. And Paul also testifieth (Rom. viii) "The Spirit beareth record unto our spirit that we be the sons of God." And this faith is none opinion; but a sure feeling, and therefore ever fruitful.'

More's reply is short and simple: 'And so doth Tyndale but prattle and prate of feeling faith, without the feeling of any faith at all, or any true belief historical or other.'¹

Carrying further his idea of 'feeling faith', Tyndale asserts that 'whosoever have once the faith which he calleth after the feeling faith, he hath the seed of God, the Spirit of God in him. And because he hath the Spirit of God in him, therefore he saith by the authority of the foresaid words of Saint John, *that man can never sin deadly*. So that by that reason whosoever have once the faith is one of the final elects.'

But against this contention 'stand all the old holy doctors of Christ's Church, from the days of Himself and His apostles hitherto'. Why then, says More, 'should we begin to believe Tyndale alone in the understanding of these words better than all good learned men this fifteen hundred year before him?'² Tyndale then says 'that though the seed shall keep him from all deadly sin, yet it shall not keep him from adultery, nor manslaughter, nor such horrible deeds as poor unlearned people be wont to call deadly sins'.

More then continues, 'For God, though He have made a true faithful promise of pardon to all true repentants and penitents . . . yet hath our Lord of His goodness and wisdom left one bridle bound about men's heads to refrain them from boldness in sin, that is . . . that they cannot after their sinful deeds repent again without His especial grace . . . whereas Tyndale and his holy fellows . . . by their feeling faith . . . have this bridle of dread cast off their heads, and therefore are ready like unbridled colts to run at rovers in all horrible deeds whither the occasion of their wild affections, and the

¹ E. W., *Confutation*, 530 H, 533 E. Tyndale, *Works*, Vol. III, pp. 50-2.

² E. W., 547 C.

sin (as Tyndale saith) breaking out in their members, list to carry them.¹

'Thus good Christian readers,' writes More, 'ye well perceive that there is no truth in Tyndale's tale . . . that none elect person can after his baptism sin of purpose nor willingly, and that whosoever after baptism break any of God's commandments willingly and of purpose shall never after be saved, can take here no anchor-hold. But as they be both twain by the blast of the devil's mouth blown out abroad against the strong rocks of Christ's Catholic Church, and the mighty majesty of God, so be they both twain there fallen to wreck and shattered all to fragments.'²

What alternative, then, does Tyndale offer to the Known Catholic Church? It is, More concludes:

'a certain secret scattered congregation unknown to all the world beside, and to their own fellows too, and every man by his inward feeling not only known only to himself, but also so well and surely known unto himself for a virtuous, good and faithful final elect of God, that he is in himself very certain and sure that he cannot but be saved, and that he so hath the spirit of God imprisoned in his breast, and so fast fettered in his holy heart, whereof himself hath lost the key, that neither the spirit can creep out, nor himself let him out by no manner mean, but there must the spirit abide and so preserve and keep this special chosen creature, that he suffer him to do many great, abominable, horrible, devilish deeds, but yet never suffer him in no wise to do any deadly sin. . . .'³

So ends Part I of More's *Confutation*; and perhaps a few words of Thomas Carlyle quoted by Froude in his *Life* of that great and strange man, who had bound up within his soul so much good Catholic feeling, may emphasize the present value of a peep into sixteenth-century religious controversy.

In speaking of Gibbon's work to me Carlyle made one remark which is worth recording. In earlier years he had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong, and he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Homœousion and the Homoiousion. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend.⁴

One other remark, about More as a controversialist may be quoted as coming from a non-Catholic writer.

The defects of More as a controversialist are due to his practice in the law courts. He wrote like one with an eye on a jury, not too

¹Ibid., 554 A, D.

²E. W., 564 E, F.

³Ibid., 614 F, G, H.

⁴J. A. Froude, *Carlyle's Life in London*, Vol. II, p. 494.

intelligent, who had to be kept amused. He could never allow his adversary to score a single point, and he could not allow any argument, good or bad, to go unanswered. His sentences are far too long; they are sometimes very involved and he is always too verbose; but if they are read aloud by someone who has mastered their content, it will be seen how effective they are for retaining the attention of the listener. Tyndale requires no lesson from More on how to write English, for his own style was superior; but Tyndale would probably have profited if More had taught him how to address a mixed audience.¹

The Second Part of the *Confutation* still dealt with Tyndale but in the Eighth Book he also deals with *Friar Barnes Church*. Dr. Barnes though he can hardly be called a Protestant, had a good deal to do with the beginnings of the Reform movement in Cambridge. He seems to have presided at those meetings at the White Horse Inn where a number of very able young men earned for themselves by their Lutheran tendencies the name of 'Little Germany'. Dr. Barnes was Prior of the Augustinian House at Cambridge and among his friends were such notable people as Matthew Parker, John Frith and 'Little Bilney'. On Christmas Eve, 1525, he preached a sermon at St. Edward's Church in which he was unwise enough to criticize Cardinal Wolsey with his 'pillars and poleaxes' so often carried before him in procession. This was too much for the Cardinal, who was by no means inclined to harsh measures. He was inhibited from preaching by the vice-chancellor, arrested and taken to London, where he found himself face to face with the great Cardinal of whom he had spoken so lightly. He was then tried by six bishops, one of whom, St. John Fisher, was lenient with him; the other bishops, however, were less so, and fearing the death penalty, he recanted. He was sentenced to detention in a house of his own Order; but after three years he escaped to Germany, where he got in touch with Luther. He was invited back to England by Thomas Cromwell. Foxe says that More wanted to arrest him but he was prevented by the King, who wished to use him as an agent between himself and the German Protestants. More then determined to write against him and his heretical tendencies, which he did in the eighth book of the *Confutation*. Barnes once more got into trouble through his own extreme arrogance and Bishop Gardiner succeeded in persuading him once more to retract; but another rash pronouncement sealed his fate and he was burnt at the stake on 30 July, 1540.

Dr. Barnes' argument had two main points: (1) that the Church was an unknown and spiritual body invisible to carnal sight, and (2) that faith was a matter of feeling. As More writes, Barnes just repeats what Luther and Tyndale had already written, 'whose unknown church must be a sinless church, since Christ prophesied that "the gates of hell

¹ H. Maynard Smith, *Pre-Reformation England*, p. 484.

should not prevail against it"; and the gates of hell do prevail against every man that sinneth against . . . the Catholic Church as we commonly know it.' If this be so, says More, what church can we find on earth that doth not sin? And thus he that would have the church to be only a secret unknown sort of folk that doth not sin yet confesseth that there be no such.' Over against this More asserts 'that the true Church of Christ . . . the common known Church of all Christian people, not gone out or cast out, this whole body of good and bad is the Catholic Church of Christ, which is in the world very sickly, and hath so many sore members, as hath sometimes the natural body of a man'.¹ More expresses the same idea in one of the most beautiful passages he ever wrote:

The Church must needs be the common known multitude of Christian men, good and bad together, while the Church is here on earth. For this net of Christ hath for the whole good fishes and bad. And this field of Christ beareth for the while good corn and cockle, till it shall be at the day of doom purified, and all the bad cast out, and only the good remain. Christ Himself said to His apostles, 'Now be you clean, but not all,' and yet were they all His Church, albeit that one of them was, as our Saviour said, a devil. And if there were none of the Church but good men, as long as they were good, then had St. Peter been once no part of the Church after that Christ had appointed him for chief. But our Lord in this mystical body of the Church carried his members, some sick, some whole, and all sickly. . . . But when the time shall come that this Church shall whole change her place and have heaven for her dwelling instead of earth, after the final judgment pronounced and giver, when God shall with His spouse, this Church of Christ, enter into the pleasant wedding chamber to the bed of eternal rest; then shall all these scalde and scab pieces scale clean off, and the whole body of Christ's holy Church remain pure, clean, and glorious without wen, wrinkle or spot, which is (and for the while, I ween, will be as long as she is here) as scabbed as ever was Job, and yet her loving spouse leaveth her not, but continually goeth about by many manner medicines, some bitter, some sweet, some easy, some grievous, some pleasant, some painful, to cure her.²

And over against Barnes's second belief in a 'feeling faith' More sets the surety of a certain faith:

It must needs be that there is by God provided and left some surety as may bring us out of all perplexity and that is . . . His Holy Spirit sent and left perpetually with His Church to lead it so by His own promise ever with all necessary truth, that whoso hear and believe His Church may be sure that he cannot be deceived, but that if a false teacher would lead men out of the right faith, the Church

¹ E. W., 528 C.

² E. W., 185 D.

of Christ shall reprove him and put the people in certainty. For which cause St. Paul saith that the Church is the firm establishment and the pillar of truth for the inviolable surety of doctrine.¹

One interesting point in conclusion. It is well known that Luther invented the Protestant doctrine that, after death, all souls sleep until the final judgement day. But his reason for this invention is perhaps not quite such a matter of common knowledge. What he and other Protestant teachers tried hard to do was to discredit and abolish the Catholic teaching on the existence and purpose of purgatory as needed to bring about the final perfection of Christian souls who died in a state of grace, but had insufficiently paid the penalty of their sinfulness while on earth.

Under the heading 'O shameless and false doctrine!' More deals with this heresy as follows:

Lest men, because they be saints, should have their doctrine the more in reverence and estimation, they have devised a new heresy wherewith (Luther and his followers) would make men believe that there were none of them all yet in heaven. And lest their malice and envy towards (the saints) should appear, and the cause also wherefore they bear it, if they should so say (there) be no saints but those that were writers and doctors of the Church, they do not hesitate to say the same utterly of all the remnant, our Blessed Lady and all, neither in body nor soul. And lest men might think that if there were purgatory, some went thence to heaven among, that is one of the causes why they put that there is no purgatory neither. Then since they see that if God give yet before Doomsday unto no man reward and bliss for his faith and good life, it were hard to think that being so liberal, good and merciful as He is, He would be more prone to punish than to reward, and for their evil deeds or infidelity before that day send men into pain therefor till Doomsday, they would have the world believe that there were none hell neither for any soul of man. And then lest they should be driven to confess that they believe that thing, which if they durst for shame show, I ween they believe in deed, and will hereafter come forth withal, if they may get once their other heresies in men's hearts fastly first confirmed, lest they should before, I say, be driven to confess that they believe the soul to be mortal and utterly die with the body, they say for the while that until Doomsday they shall lie still and sleep, as Luther writeth plainly in a sermon upon the gospel of the rich glutton and Lazarus, the twin in rest and wealth, the third in fire and flame, the story that Christ telleth Himself they call it but a parable, and almost make a mouth at it.²

'O shameless and false doctrine' indeed! as More puts it.

¹ E. W., 527 G.

² More, *English Works, The Confutation*, p. 638 D, E, F.

THE LETTERS OF FRANCIS JAMMES AND ANDRÉ GIDE

By Mrs. GEORGE NORMAN

THE publication of the 280 letters of André Gide and Francis Jammes¹ is something of a paradox in literary history.

The Catholicism of Francis Jammes was, like his work, of a limpid simplicity, and his simplicity was believed by critics to be too good to be true—the genius that apes ingenuity. Yet Gide, the sophisticated, could write years after they met, 'I hold . . . that one of our liveliest titles to glory will be your letters to me', and the receipt of the earliest of Jammes' poems so enchanted him that it inaugurated a friendship, chequered but firm, of forty-five years' duration. With one long and painful gap at the end it lasted till Jammes died in 1938. In a corner of Gide's study today is 'a most precious memento', the queer walking-stick on which Jammes himself had inscribed three little couplets of verse.

The break between the two writers was perhaps inevitable, and ensured by their very intimacy—relations more superficial could better have endured. It is possible that a greater man than Jammes, or even one less artless—that is, more tactful—might have kept contact to the last.

At the age of twenty-five Jammes had followed the weakly and too-common practice, in France, of his time and calling, he had given up the practice of his Faith; he kept of Catholicism the sense of beauty in old village churches, of processions of young girls in muslins, of the flowers of Corpus Christi—the sensuous and inessential. Gide, too, at about the same age was no longer orthodox, but his Calvinism—he was a Huguenot—had made him as a boy, it remained the bedrock essence of the man, it had been no pretence at a faith; he had always, till he 'lapsed', carried the Bible about with him; at one time he slept upon planks, rising in the night to pray and in the morning to plunge into an icy bath; he was the complete Protestant mystic. Calvinism, however, was not deeply planted in his family, at least on his mother's side; Madame Gide's Catholic father, although an admirer of Voltaire and the encyclopedists, and married to a Huguenot lady, had wished his

¹ *Correspondance*. Ed. Robert Mallet. (Gallimard, Paris. 1948.)

children to be brought up as Catholics. An encounter with some Church authority changed his outlook and the family was turned over to Calvinism. This fact seems the underlying tragedy of his grandson's life.

It might seem inadmissible to comment on the faith and inmost sentiments of a writer still living were it not for André Gide's leadership in a feature of modern writing, a self-revelation so detailed and unabashed as to call for no reticence in others. What induces that which Georges Duhamel has called 'this delirium of confession', almost unprecedented in authors of repute, is open to wonder. In Gide's case it is, he says, an urge for honesty, for nothing being covered up, an insistence on being known as he is. The resultant tragic influence for evil has—strangely—amazed and disconcerted its author. The young, or the wavering, too naturally assimilated the doctrines of 'self-realization' at any cost, that of: 'act without *judging* whether the deed be good or evil', and the further 'Let everyone follow his desire' while forgetting the proviso to this last axiom '. . . provided he go upward'. Nor could youth be expected to recognize, as he himself does, a hierarchy in Gide's works by which each annuls the doctrine of the last. 'If one of my books disconcerts you, reread it; under the obvious poison I took care to hide the antidote; each aims less to disturb than to warn'; they 'can be compared to the spear of Achilles with which a second contact cured those it had first wounded'. In sober practice the wounds alone too often remained. In an unsparing and profound study of Gide by Victor Poucel, S.J., the least hidebound of writers,¹ what must have exasperated the kindly, indeed the indulgent, Jesuit responsible for the souls of youth was the fact that the destroyer of those souls was at one and the same time an ardent, an impassioned admirer of Jesus Christ; no one who knows the *Journal* of Gide, his *Si Le Grain ne Meurt* and, above all, his *Nimquid et tu?* can doubt the genuineness of this admiration, the apparent contempt for Christ's commandments in his openly professed lover seemed to the priest mere perversion, even blasphemy. Gide, in *Deux Interviews Imaginaires*, published in 1947, which must be considered his final summing-up of his belief, with strange lack of logic concludes that for him Christ is not the Son of God; in the Christian sense, too, there is no God but one who 'exists only in and by man'—a complete recantation of former beliefs while adhering to his intense love of, and reverence for, the Gospels and the person of Our Lord.

Francis Jammes was, however, aware of the deeply religious bias of the mind of André Gide and his search for God, punctuated too often with revolt, though he was to write later (on first parting with his Bible), '*Je ne dis pas adieu au Christ sans une sorte de déchirement, de sorte je doute à présent si je l'ai jamais vraiment quitté.*' The tragedy of such an ending of belief as Gide's may be explained by the early-learned doctrines of

¹ *L'Esprit d'André Gide*. (L'Art Catholique, 6 Place Saint-Sulpice, Paris.)

Calvinism; their extreme harshness led to an extreme revolt, private judgement to a final aberration of judgement on the Christ whom the use of the Scriptures, also enforced by Calvinism, had taught Gide to love.

The correspondence between Gide and Jammes began on the high-tide of the writers' youth, *les beaux jours où nous étions si malheureux*. Jammes was a Southerner from the Béarn, unknown and poor; Gide, rich, at home in Paris though having the run of two family properties in Normandy, and already almost Someone in the cenacles. Jammes was a poet of the open air, his native streams and woods; he was 'wood mad' and a mighty hunter, though he, like Gide, loved every creeping and flying thing and wondered how he could bring himself to shoot the latter. He lived, however, with a much loved mother, in a succession of 'little towns'; they were full of eccentrics and 'characters', many of them his own people. His forbears had been to, and come back from, semi-tropical islands; Jammes had, reflected in him as it were, all their colour and flamboyance.

'You have done well, Monsieur, to send me your verses.' Gide thus very formally opened the ball in May 1893; before long he sent Jammes his *Tentative Amoureuse* and *Le Voyage d'Urien*, and a duet of mutual admiration began which for all its exuberance was honest. Gide, says André Vendôme in *Etudes*, read Jammes till he knew him by heart; he scoured Paris to make him known while cursing the apathy of critics concerning the too-unfledged poet lost in the footholds of the Pyrenees. 'Your poems,' Gide wrote, 'will put-off at first, so much does the "natural" confuse like a too rarefied mountain air'; if imbeciles had not yet noticed him it was because his poetry is 'almost invisible, so transparent it is'. 'Ah! how much I like your poetry,' wrote Jammes in his turn in his third letter, January 1894, but already, with essential sanity, he goes on: 'But how much more I should like it (forgive me, for I hate criticism) on the day when your work, freed from those hospital clothes scented with incense, will emerge, like your own soul, in love with the very strange, but sane. . . .'

If the lives of the new friends were at opposite poles in circumstance, their letters were as various; Gide's ignored all workaday matters, Jammes' alternated iridescent visions with commissions to Paris publishers till a wag averred that Jammes would soon get his friends to order his coffee for him. If, too, the early correspondence, when after two years they reached the stage of 'tu' instead of 'vous', seems at times an exchange of precious, and sometimes futile, nothings, it kept, on the whole, on a high literary level; inevitably there are outpourings from the southern Jammes on life, its worries and his affairs of the heart, but there is much, too, of the affairs of the spirit of both writers. It was three years before they actually met, and by that time Gide, having overcome grave family opposition, had married the

cousin—the 'Emmanuèle' of his books—he had loved from childhood. Jammes' letter on the occasion was characteristic of him at the time:

'Cher Ami,

I write to you on waking from an atrocious night . . . one of those nights you probably do not know,' and so on. 'Let us resign ourselves,' he somewhat inconsequently adds. Then, and only then: 'You are going to be married, you tell me. If your affianced is as good as you are, all will be well. As for me, my great fortune and my poet's profession will permit me, I think, a long engagement with sorrow. . . . But do not let me make you sad'; and he proceeds further to depress his friend, for Gide had a good and responsive heart: 'if there is in my heart at this moment a scrap of joy, that joy, I offer you, I give it to you and your affianced and I wish for you all the happiness I have not got and keep the bitterness till the day when God will think I have had enough.

I rely on you entirely for the [book's] format. Thanks once more.'

When they at last met it was again through Eugène Rouart, who had brought them together. Rouart offered Jammes a trip to Algeria to meet Gide and his charming and devoted Emmanuèle. Their first encounter, as Jammes stepped down from the train, was a disillusion for Gide, always extraordinarily sensitive to personal appearance—Jammes, though handsome, was too short, too *sémillant*, or lively, for a poet, too bearded, his eye too piercing, his stick with the carved dog's head so fantastic! '*Quand te recontrerais-je?*' Gide had written nostalgically months before, now it needed some hours for Jammes to reconquer the friendship about which Gide had also written: '*Ton amitié . . . a l'attrait pour moi de la lande embaumée et la grâce des saisons nouvelles; je pleure presque en y pensant, de ne point te connaître encore et pourtant déjà tant t'aimer.*' The *lande embaumée* had been seriously menaced and was to be so still further. His southern verve, his gay good-nature, his genius as a raconteur now made Jammes irresistible, but there was a but—Africa, which Gide adored, had evidently no message for the poet and proved him only too sincere in having girded at Gide's passion for travel and for being 'away'. Then, most regrettably, Jammes and Rouart, who was paying the piper, did not get on. After a fortnight Jammes, who could never disguise a feeling, felt he must go home, poets not being easy compromisers. As a sign of 'affection and fidelity'—it was a genuine sacrifice—he left Gide the walking-stick!

Repentance followed swiftly. Francis wrote from Biskra, 3 April, 1896:

Cher Ami,

. . . my soul, little by little, is growing pacified. I scarcely understand myself sometimes. . . . Those little cakes—Oh! those little cakes put

up by Madame Gide. They made me want to cry in this desert just like myself. . . [from the first, and till the end, he loved and revered Gide's wife]. There are, in my own country, hills as harsh as myself, there are hares as agile and disconcerting as my thoughts. . . . I sing like a stream, I weep like the wind. I am all that—that is me. It is true: pride . . . pride . . . Oh! pride—have you both forgiven it to me, dear friends? . . . It is once more the unseen and gentle hand of a woman which healed the wound. . . .

I did not know what my impression of you would be. It surpassed what I expected. . . . You behaved with as great good sense as kindness. This is not flattery, so little so that if I had to find a fault in you I should be incapable of doing so.

It was from so high an altitude that Francis Jammes slowly and reluctantly descended as far as Gide's views and writings were concerned; with Gide as a friend he never found cause to alter his Biskra tribute. Soon after he wrote again, and with the poetic fantasy he could never discard: 'I have opened my window towards you . . . your friendship. It flowers in me . . . in the garden gay and sad of my soul.' By then they had become, Jammes, The Faun and Gide, The Shepherd—*Pasteur des Berges*—a fancy of Jammes' to which Gide, likewise a poet, lent himself. The former wrote again, 'I call upon Madame Gide and you, the shepherd; and you are both, I was going to say, stars . . . Nothing but what is pure, nothing but what is fine.' The tail-end of Gide's reply obliquely answers this last paean of praise: 'Your letter is admirable: a drop of clear dew and sunshine. Forgive mine—beside yours it is a drop of Seine water,' and ends 'You know that I sometimes have good moments. Love those, let the others go by. Profoundly your friend.'

In 1897 *Nourritures Terrestres* appeared. Jammes was not yet 'converted' and so was scarcely capable of judging with full clarity of mind the morality of the now famous book. He could and did, however, judge, or fear, that Gide was moving from their common ground. A year before, in spite of some of the raptures with which both men received the others' work, Jammes had sent to *L'Ermitage* 'An answer to Ménélaque' in parts outspokenly critical: Gide was rather showing off! his soul had 'dressed itself, for once in pomposity (*emphase*)'. *Nourritures Terrestres* was an amplification of Ménélaque's theme, Jammes in *Le Spectateur Catholique* repeated the same kind of strictures as the year previous. Gide, after the manner of the cenacles, replied with an *Answer to the Faun's Letter* and with the magnanimity of all his direct dealings with his friend:

'Faun, how shall I answer you . . . must the joy of this world . . . really hide itself? . . . under pain of being hated and insulted? After all what did I sing but the treasury of the fields, the natural riches of all? . . . Do you think, good Faun, that in Ménélaque's secret garden is no hidden font filled with tears? Good-bye, Faun, I love you enormously,'

and then, Gide's one small revenge, 'Do not be too proud of your poverty.' After all it was neither his nor the Faun's choice if he, Gide, was rich and Jammes was poor, and for Jammes to make a merit of it was slightly annoying! All the more so as, two months earlier, Jammes had set forth by letter the other side, so to speak, of his thought on the book: 'Never did I dream of a less pagan work. Never has anyone arrived at such a degree of almost religious abnegation.' This is the more surprising considering that the writer had from the first felt a lurking restlessness before Gide's work; though not a good Catholic he was yet qualified to wonder if Gide, like himself, were really a Christian; did he, too, worship God, or only a God of his vagrant and changeable fancy?

It was the changeable, indeed, it may be said, the *double* personality of Gide which made it impossible finally to decide such matters. The name of Shepherd was not merely one of Jammes' flights of fancy, he did honestly see in Gide a possible shepherd of souls, '*Tu es moins un littérateur qu'un apôtre*' he wrote in the same *Spectateur* review, and in many letters he begs his friend to follow the light beginning to show in his own conscience and that he *knows* has shone too—off and on, maybe—for Gide. It was Gide's great following of 'disciples' that made this so pertinent to his friend's Christian sense. Gide himself wrote in a letter, and there are countless such entries in the *Journal*: 'Do you not understand that I *detest* my thought? I wear myself beating against it; but I can only deny it by itself, as one casts out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils. . . . I search for some fresh ground where to lay my head. *J'ai soif de toi comme on a soif des sources. Tu es l'étanchement, je suis la fièvre. . . . Je fais des livres comme on fait des maladies.*' Jammes, at any rate, had concluded concerning *Nourritures* that it would 'scarcely deprave any but those school-boys who would not understand it'. The Catholic world, with others including the Huguenot one of Gide's origin, thought differently, aghast at the widening influence for evil of one who had written, too, so admirably of Christ.

Was Francis Jammes, then, unduly naïf when, another time, he wrote: 'Will you ever know the good you have done me?' Was he merely foolish in seeing in his friend 'a sort of religious'? 'Certainly not!' affirmed the Catholic writer in *Etudes* earlier quoted. 'When the author of *Nourritures* speaks to his friend of "that fervour, undeniably religious, which reddens, or inflames, my work" he sets down a truism'; Victor Poucel himself sees in the book 'a profound effort of sincerity'; he continues, however: 'A mysterious evil expresses itself. It is the entire personality caught in a snare which confesses to all and sundry . . . whether from a need for help, or a perverted taste for contagion. . . .'

The friendship survived, all but intact, the publication that same year of *The Immoralist* although Jammes saw in it 'The sob of a lugubrious Rousseau. . . . The Triumph of Death.' For some time, too, Gide had grown more critical of the Faun and his extreme of artlessness. Too

many were now copying the southern poet, 'all the minor poets wore Jammes' flowers in their hats' and, unfairly enough, this depreciated his work. When, in 1905, guided by Claudel, Jammes returned to the practice of the faith and further efforts at converting Gide, insensibly the latter's criticism grew; in his *Journal* he actually notes of the friend he really loved though so seldom actually met, 'he has no longer any nose but for incense.' The same severity extended to other converts, they are still his friends but their judgement he thinks falsified, their work 'menaced', and above all—his chief objection to Catholicism—their *sincerity* grown dubious. Meanwhile he clung, dreading any drifting apart, to the old intercourse; where Jammes is at times, it must be owned, petty and apt to take offence in non-religious matters, Gide can only be considered magnanimous, as when he wrote: 'The fear I still have that my letter may have seemed to you a little brief, therefore dry, therefore brutal (*cassante*). In fact I torment myself not on the subject of your letter, but of mine.'

In the July of 1905 Jammes had written from his home at Orthez: 'Claudel is here and I shall receive Communion . . .' Gide replies: 'I find some rest in thinking Claudel is with you' (Jammes was suffering from the ending of a love drama), 'he of all others is the one . . .' Gide here breaks off but continues at once: 'I hesitated for long if I should try to meet him in Paris, I wanted first to be sure I should not be importunate. Then it seemed to me I could only have received him in a certain secret place of which I have long lost the key but which you know that I try to re-open.' The inner conflict Gide here indicates had already caused Jammes to write, 'You seem to me as uneasy as a cork on the water', and again: 'Your letter is anxious, sad, nervous. Why should you think I have anything against you? . . . but why go on holding forth on my dear Claudel, the sin against the Holy Ghost and the Eucharist?' Insensibly the rift was widening, yet, in August, from Gide:

You write the letter I awaited, that I implored of you since two months. I recognize, from the good it has done me, the urgent need I had of it. It is true that since the Spring I have gone through a frightful crisis of which I cannot speak even to you, but which I feel you suspect. . . . Yes . . . I believe you can see into me more profoundly than one usually looks into the heart of men. Perhaps it is against your clear-seeing that I kicked yesterday. I no longer know.

Jammes' answer is long and understanding—Gide is to ignore his 'disciples' (always, to Jammes, 'deteriorating' for the now famous writer), he is to write something fine 'without disastrous adulteration . . . I beg of you, my friend, to let that over-flow from your soul rest for the moment and take stock of itself by God's grace and without your own help'. He recommends 'that formidable thing' the Rosary; he is not per-

haps always as wise in his admonitions, but what follows is metaphysical and suitable, but uncompromising. Gide answers with the shortest of notes: 'Don't attribute my silence to anything disagreeable. Your letter was good (*bon*) and I am your friend, André Gide.'

In June 1907 Jammes, still adhering even in face of the recent publication of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, writes: 'I care little to know by what last convulsions you are shaken before more resolutely putting foot on the eternal shores. I have thought over your last work woven of so tortured a genius . . . one cannot deny that sometimes, in the preface and the dialogues, a great cry, and an all fervent one, arises.' In February two years later Jammes could breathe again, he could *praise* and welcome *The Narrow Gate*, the strange departure of Gide in the story of a young girl who, somewhat puritanically perhaps, renounces a lover for the cloister. Gide was enchanted. 'What does the slating, the silence or even the applause of "criticism" matter to me now! I wept with joy yesterday in reading your admirable article . . . I cannot thank you enough by letter; dear friend, tell me if I shall find you at Orthez in three days? I think of the joy of my wife whom I have left at home for a few days. . .'

A year later Jammes abruptly broke off relations with the review, founded partly by Gide, in which so much of their work had appeared; Gide had queried an ambiguous phrase of the poet in an obituary of Charles-Louis Philippe. 'I believe,' Jammes wrote, 'that to continue my collaboration with the *Nouvelle Revue Française* would accentuate the differences which exist between us. . . This is well weighed, I shall not come back on it.' Gide returned Jammes' MS. but still proposed to publish a letter it embodied. Jammes saw in this an almost fraudulent intention. Gide, naturally exasperated, replied sharply; Jammes, however, made the first gesture of reconciliation; Gide immediately and wholeheartedly accepted it by telegram. A month later Jammes, on the publication of *Isabelle*, had to write: 'What black caprice, what dash of Satan, alas! is this Isabelle.' He could, however, never discard his sense of literary beauty in Gide's work, he was able to add: 'You have adorned it with real jewels, the sort Goya and Rembrandt loved . . . on my part I am harnessed to my *Géorgiques Chrétiennes*.' The letters, however, grow rarer. Jammes is now married and the father of a family that was to increase till there were seven children. In June, 1910, Jammes, after a three months' silence, wrote for an address he needed; he said he had a little lost sight of his friend but not by that of the heart, only that of the pen; he was overwhelmed with work. Gide wrote of his great pleasure in the letter, 'for I languished for your writing'.

So although they were inevitably drawing apart it was with extreme reluctance. In the new year there is a brief line from Jammes: 'Why don't you write any more? With all my heart, Francis Jammes.' Gide, in 1911, received the published *Géorgiques Chrétiennes* with all the praise he had ever found for his friend's work: 'No, you have written

nothing finer . . . and I even do not see to what in our poetry it can be compared. The book is in every part penetrated with a calm and dazzling light. And confronted with the gravity of your feeling it seems to me almost impious to mention the beauty of the form, but how not to admire :

*Les anges à genoux et les bras étendus
Baisaient Ses pieds errants dans des sandales nus.*

. . . I do not know why I quote these when so many others are of a perfect fullness and joy.'

There is an interval of nearly four years before two short letters exchanged in 1915. In the previous year, that of the war, Jammes writes to Madame Gide with all his old regard ; André, he says he knows, is immersed in war-work for refugees. Not till years later, 1929, does that strange entity, André Gide, tentatively send a *ballon d'essai* in the shape of an unsigned postcard, and from then onwards letters are exchanged at the longest intervals till in July 1938 Gide hears that Jammes is ill. He writes at once : '*Cher viel ami, Je veux que tu saches combien mon cœur en deuil l'est resté fidèle et je l'embrasse bien amicalement.*' Jammes died in the following November.

In both men, it must be admitted, was a capacity for fidelity in friendship rare enough to be noted considering the case, ravaged and torn by fundamental oppositions. At one time Jammes had burnt all Gide's books ; Gide had actually put up to auction the MSS. he possessed of Jammes' works—to burning he preferred, he said, that *someone* should possess them. In his *Journal* Gide had not always spared his friend, though he notes that, curiously, he seldom speaks there of friendships that had meant much in his life. Yet at another moment he entered : 'Even now before falling asleep, or on waking in the middle of the night, if I have the misfortune to think of Jammes it is all up with my sleep.'

Of an importance infinitely greater is this other entry, a *cri-d-cœur* of some years back : 'May the time come when my soul, at last liberated, shall be concerned only with God !'

A PRIEST IS ORDAINED IN DACHAU

By REINHOLD FRIEDRICH

Translated from *Sieger in Fesseln*, published by Herder & Co.,
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THE story of how a priest was ordained in Dachau forms a unique chapter in the history of the Church. For there is no doubt that Karl Leisner was the first and only priest to receive this sacrament and to celebrate his first Mass in such inhuman conditions as were to be found behind the barbed wire of the concentration camps. When he was only twenty-four he was put into prison at Freiburg because his room-mate in the St. Blasien sanatorium, a Jew, had denounced him for certain of his remarks about the attempt to blow up Hitler in the Burgerbraukeller during November 1939. From Freiburg he was taken to Buchenwald, even though no official charge had been raised against him; in December 1940 he was transferred to Dachau. The damp air which rises from the Dachau marsh, combined with the suffering and want in the camp, made him an easy victim for the tuberculosis which had already been responsible for interrupting his theological studies. For five weary years his slender energies stood up to concentration-camp life, but Karl died almost immediately after the liberation. He received the burial of a Christian hero; in his home country on the Lower Rhine he is venerated as a saint.

ORDINATION IN DACHAU

Millions of men in the last few years have come to know about the ghastly conditions in the concentration camps; they have been badly shaken once they discovered what suffering men are actually capable of inflicting upon each other even in our highly-developed civilization. But as well as its almost incredible cruelty the story of Dachau has its glorious side, the story of the priests who suffered, sacrificed and died there. For when the enemies of Christ thought that they were dealing the Church its death-blows by creating this Hell where the Church's priests, its religious and its heroic laymen, were tortured and exterminated, they made a great mistake. In fact they were simply God's tools, the means by which, in His inscrutable Providence, He prepared His Church for a day of great triumph.

Karl Leisner, a deacon in the Münster diocese, was arrested in 1939 by the Gestapo and transported almost straightway to Dachau. The

occasion for this has been mentioned above, but there were other reasons as well, such as his work in the Catholic Youth Movement. This gay, youthful soldier of Christ had always expressed in his actions his burning love of God; he was a man like Stephen, 'full of faith and the Holy Ghost', and was destined to be persecuted by those enemies of Christ, the Gestapo, just as Stephen had been persecuted by Saul. And yet, as was true of Stephen, this persecution only had the effect of increasing his love and renewing in him the Holy Spirit: 'I see heaven opening and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God.' This was the vision which inspired him and illumined his life in the concentration camp, where he laboured from morning till evening to make it a reality. He gathered the prisoners around himself, he acquired a harmonium and taught the prisoners to sing the Catholic Youth Movement songs; he sang with them and played with them to cheer them up and to lighten their heavy hours. When I arrived at Dachau myself on the feast of the Name of Mary, 12 September, 1941, he was the first to take an interest in me and to put me into the way of things. He quietly slipped five marks into my hand so that I could buy what I needed, at the same time giving me his own piece of bread from his locker. A genuine father to the poor, he gave away alms like another Stephen! Then quite unexpectedly, and without any explanation, the order came through that the 'religious instructor'—myself—was to be 'excommunicated' from the block where the native Germans were housed. This came as a severe blow since it not only meant that I would be separated from my fellow-countrymen, it also meant that I would be unable to receive communion and to take part in the celebration of Mass. What did this sudden removal mean? Had I committed some offence or other? When I tried to point out to the commandant that I was, in fact, a native German, the reply came back, 'You are going to the "goats".' The 'goats' were the Polish priests. The Polish block contained an enormous crowd of men packed into an unconscionably narrow space, and I myself lived for three months in a place that was only forty centimetres wide. It was icy cold. The good Karl Leisner told me one day, 'We are going to find it extraordinarily difficult to do anything about your case.' After this conversation I gave up hope; my chances of getting a transfer seemed far less than my chances of a thorough beating. But Leisner's novena did not go unheard, for two days afterwards I was transferred back to the block for native German priests, where I was able to continue my work as a priest amongst priests. Every fortnight I used to assemble those from the Münster diocese to hold what we called our 'diocesan synod'. The 'sessions' had to be held standing in the roadway running next to our block. Furthermore, when the senior man in our block, a Communist, heard of these priests' conferences he took exception to them and it became necessary to hold them in secret. The 'synods' used to begin with a reading from

the letters written by St. Paul whilst he was in prison, and these readings always used to give us a new strength, encouraging us also to be witnesses for the Faith. Next we would exchange reminiscences about our beloved diocese, we discussed every kind of subject and read out extracts from the letters that had come through from home. All of which made us closer friends than ever; we learned to bear one another's burdens. To end our conferences we used to pray together for our Bishop, Clemens August, for our fellow-priests in the Münster diocese, and, above all, for the secular clergy and the religious who had died in the concentration camp.

Meanwhile our dear Karl Leisner had fallen very ill indeed; his illness was diagnosed as a very dangerous form of tuberculosis. Many a time we priests would talk to one another about something we scarcely dared to hope for—"if only a Catholic Bishop were to come to Dachau!" Because then Karl's greatest desire would be fulfilled, and he could be ordained to the priesthood. What an experience it would be for this to happen in the concentration camp! Here, where everything to do with a priest and his calling was scorned and brought to nought, a new priest would be born. 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' Through God's providence our wishes were realized in a most wonderful way. In September 1944 the French Bishop of Clermont-Ferrant, Gabriel Picquet, was brought into Dachau as a prisoner. I heard this joyful news from the Dean of the camp, who was a prisoner himself. At last Karl could be ordained to the priesthood! Our gladness when we learned of the prospect is quite indescribable. Karl himself seemed more like a candidate for death, lying desperately ill, as he was, in the sick-bay. How much it would mean to him to enter into eternity a priest for eternity. Once sealed with the indelible character of the priesthood he would be even more like a second Stephen, joyfully entering his eternal home as an apostle of Christ.

At this point my mind is inevitably gripped by the memory of the Church's liturgy on 10 March, the feast of the Forty Martyrs. During the reign of Emperor Licinius and in one of the little towns of Armenia these forty soldiers displayed the most heroic steadfastness in defence of the Faith. They lay enchained in a dark dungeon where the Emperor's soldiery used to batter in their faces with stones. During the coldest spell of winter they were made to spend the night in the open air, standing naked on a frozen pond. In this way it was hoped that their resistance would be broken, but they bore their martyrdom without flinching. Not for a moment did they allow themselves to think of betraying Christ and their Faith; they prayed for each other, asking that they might remain true to God so that all forty of them should receive their eternal crowns together. Amongst the warders posted by Agricolas, the governor, there was one who did not sleep that night; this was the doorkeeper. Suddenly he saw a brilliant light, which was the light of

angels coming down from heaven to crown the soldiers with thirty-nine garlands. He thought to himself, 'But there are forty of them! Why only thirty-nine garlands?' Then he noticed that one of the soldiers could no longer bear the cold on the ice and was making for the warm bath which had been prepared near at hand. It meant that one of them was being unfaithful. Deeply stirred by what he had just seen the doorkeeper shouted out that he too was a Christian, threw off his clothes and went on to the frozen pond to join the company of the faithful witnesses. When the other warders heard him they became more angry and violent than ever; they fell upon the thirty-nine brave soldiers and the doorkeeper and broke their limbs with their cudgels. But the youngest of them all was still living at the end of it, and his own heroic mother was standing by watching the cruelty of it all as the thirty-nine bodies were thrown on to carts and dragged away to be burnt on a funeral pile. Her son was left behind because the torturers hoped that he would turn idolater. To prevent this happening she picked him up herself, put him on her shoulders, and then staggered after the gruesome cortège. On the way the youngster gave up the Ghost and his mother threw her beloved son on to the dump with the others.

And how is this related to our own story? In Dachau concentration camp there were four thousand priests who had been tempted time and again to renounce their Faith and abandon their spiritual vocations. They had been beaten up and put into chains, they had been thrown to the ground and kicked, and they had been starved; then, when their bodies were exhausted and bruised, they had been offered their freedom as a reward for betraying Christ. One of these four thousand priests gave in. The last thing I said to him was, 'You are a priest to all eternity.' Back came the shattering answer, 'But the hunger!' This happened during 1942, a year when 800 priests alone died of hunger and under-nourishment, to say nothing of the faithful amongst the laity who suffered the same fate. In the early days of the Church one of the forty soldiers had been unfaithful; now, in the twentieth century, out of 4000 priests only one had betrayed his Lord and Master. Yet again, the gap left by one disloyal follower was to be filled by one of the watchers, for a new priest was to be ordained in Dachau. How incomprehensible are the ways of God, and how wonderful is God in His saints!

Bishop Picquet received our suggestion with the greatest joy—he would be only too glad to undertake this concentration-camp ordination, but first of all we should have to obtain permission from the Bishop responsible for the candidate. Therefore a petition was sent to the Ordinarius of Münster in a letter addressed to Leisner's parents. All of us were thrilled at his answer, which ran, 'I gladly give you my permission, on condition that the proper ritual is observed and that it can be certified as valid for the future.' Now it was up to us to organize everything necessary for the ordination. Kind-hearted women from

Dachau and Munich acted as secret messengers between the local priest at Dachau and Cardinal Faulhaber at Munich. They used to bring back the 'raw materials' for the prisoner-priests to work upon so that everything was in order, pontificals, holy oil and so forth. One priest in the camp, who was from Trier, worked on the mitre; a Benedictine cut a crozier out of oak-wood and carved upon it the episcopal arms, as well as an inscription, *Victor in vinculis*, the episcopal cross and ring were smithied in the armaments workshop by a Russian. Naturally all these preparations had to be carried out with the greatest secrecy, and no breath of it must reach the ears of anyone outside our own circle. There was no telling what would happen if the camp authorities were to discover what was going on.

The day was Gaudete Sunday in Advent 1944. On the Saturday we held a secret rehearsal of the ceremony in our 'chapel', which was room 1 in Block 26, but at this rehearsal Karl had to remain seated because he had not sufficient energy to stand; also the Bishop contented himself with wearing a surplice and his mitre. By this time I was the senior man in our block, and so I was Deacon. Never have I made the responses so joyfully and gladly, or been so moved by them as I was at this blessed moment, which marked the end of the young deacon's six-year retreat. Six years learning the virtue of patience! It had been a hard seminary, in all conscience. Since Karl's physical condition would have made it unbearable for him to have the whole crowd of priests from the block around him during the ceremony it was decided to invite only his oldest comrades amongst the priests, along with the thirty theological students. The reason why the thirty theological students were invited was so that later in their lives, when they themselves were priests and going about their priestly duties, they would bear in mind the sufferings, the prayers, the sacrifice and the penance of our Karl, and would remember also how God had so graciously brought this sacrament to him during his exile. However, the rest of the prisoners were present on St. Stephen's Day, when he offered his first Mass; as they joined with him in the Sacrifice there was hardly one who could stop himself from weeping.

The ordination itself was a heart-breaking sight. Pale and strained, the candidate stood shivering in his zebra uniform beside the altar; the Bishop was wearing his pontifical robes with the trousers of his prison uniform showing underneath; each of the others there was simply wearing his zebra uniform, like the candidate himself. Karl Leisner was on a wooden stool; next to him stood the thirty surviving priests from the Münster diocese. All the other prisoner-priests stretched out their arms in common prayer; there was complete silence in our 'chapel'; you could almost hear our hearts beating. '*Veni sancte spiritus. . .*' For the first time we realized in all its fullness the truth that a priest's ordination is a baptism of blood for all eternity. Now the bound hands were

anointed with holy oil so that they could bless those very people who had chained them, so that they could be lifted in prayer for the sake of those who despised them. It was exactly as St. Paul says in his letter from prison to the Corinthians. 'Men revile us and we answer with a blessing, persecute us and we make the best of it, speak ill of us and we fall to entreaty. We are still the world's refuse; everyone thinks himself well rid of us.'

The tremendous awe which all of us experienced during the ceremony could never be put into words. When it was all over the newly-ordained priest and myself embraced each other; his face was radiant with thankfulness and joy, and as I gave him the kiss of peace I could not help whispering, 'Karl, signs and wonders do still happen.' Afterwards we all went to share our small breakfast in room 3 of our block, the room where Karl had once lived; our fellow-priests provided it out of the gift parcels they had received, and they themselves served the Bishop and the newly-ordained priest. That meal was indeed an Agape, a sacred feast of love. Both as a testimony and as a memorial of this unique occasion a Carmelite brother had printed a beautifully-designed certificate which was signed by the Bishop, and by myself as the senior man in the block.

The day of his ordination had proved so terribly exhausting for Karl both in mind and body that it was a fortnight before he had the strength to offer his first Mass; he eventually did so on the feast of that saint who had always been so dear to him, St. Stephen. But this first Mass was also to be his last. By the time that we were released, on 4 May, 1945, he was still alive it is true, but only just. His friend, the Jesuit Fr. Pies, who had looked after his body as well as being his spiritual director, had to take him to hospital straightway. The last weeks of his life, which he spent in the Planegg sanatorium in Upper Bavaria, showed how deeply he had grown in love, in happiness and in his longing for eternity. Here, after all these years, he was reunited to his good parents and his brothers and sisters. Soon afterwards he expired in the arms of his mother; it was a Sunday, 12 August; his body was taken to Cleve in his home country. For the people on the Lower Rhine the day of his burial was like the day of his first Mass. Red roses as a sign of his martyrdom and green palms betokening victory were laid upon the simple coffin which contained his earthly remains wrapped in scarlet Mass-vestments. As he entered into eternity his life's motto was transformed into a reality: 'I see heaven opening and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God'. Immense crowds flocked to his funeral, including some at least from every part of the Catholic Lower Rhineland; but they were silent crowds, so profoundly moved at this manifestation of God's power that they could only express their feelings by bowing down in adoration.

What is the divine message for the twentieth century contained in

the life and death of Karl Leisner? It is the fact that he was another Stephen, it is the fact that he was not simply a brother but even in a way a father to some of us, it is his complete piety and his equally complete self-surrender. The last entry in his diary notes that love and penance are to form the programme for his earthly pilgrimage, and it is typical that it ends with St. Stephen's cry, 'Lord, bless even my enemies.' Karl Leisner, the hero and saint of youth, has shown to the Germans, and to the rest of the world, that there *are* young men totally dedicated to Christ and that the new age belongs to them. No earthly power can overcome the strength of this love. So his unwavering conduct fills us with a sure hope that a Christian Europe will be reborn and that Christianity will once more win fresh victories throughout the world. The seed sown in the concentration camps was very precious; God will take care that the harvest repays the sowers a thousandfold.

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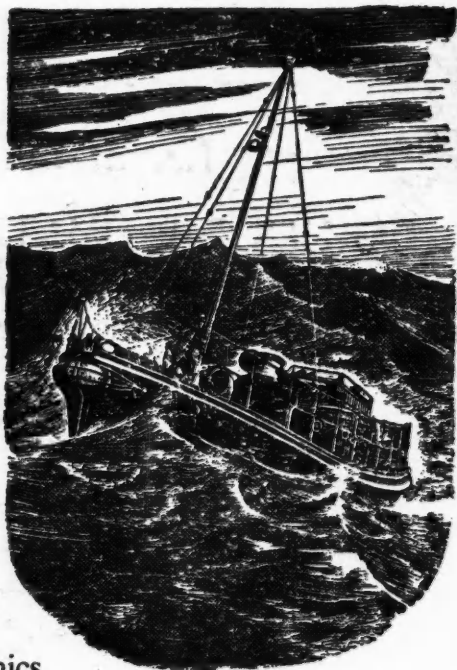
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